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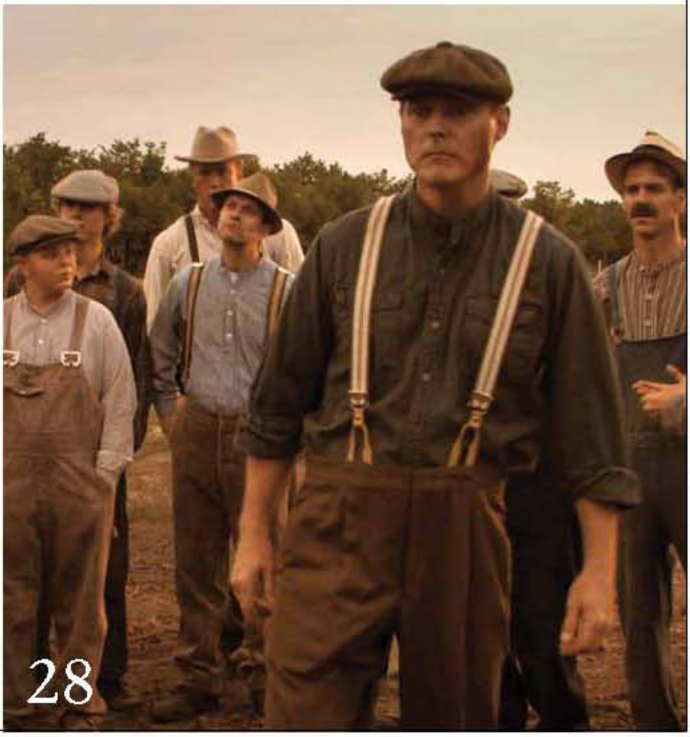

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COVER: NOVA SCOTIA ARCHIVES/W.R. MACASKILL/COLOURIZATION BY JAMES GILLESPIE

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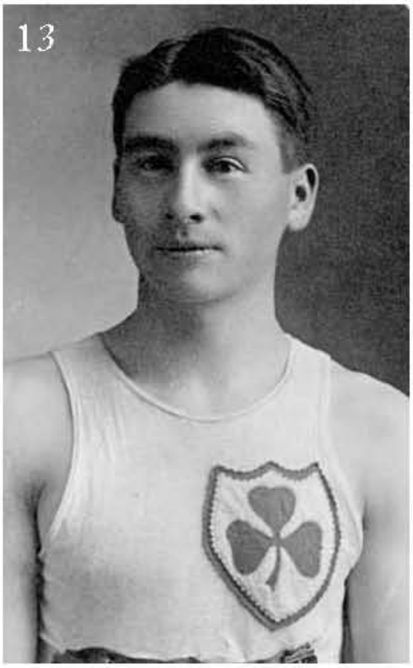

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Canada's History Society was founded in 1994 to popularize Canadian history. The society's work includes: *Canada's History* magazine, *Kayak: Canada's History Magazine for Kids*, CanadasHistory.ca, and the Governor General's History Awards.

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Fax: 905-946-1679
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Canada

The strong pull of home

A few years back, I finally had to accept facts. It was time to toss out my wallet.

From its home in my right hip pocket, that brown leather billfold had followed me as I moved from city to city, province to province. I loved that wallet — it just fit. But, having sewn it back together multiple times, it was now beyond repair.

So, with a heavy heart, I emptied it one final time. Out came my driver's licence. My library card. The broken shards of my Social Insurance Number card. My Blockbuster rental ID. Giving it one a last shake, I noticed something stuck to the inside. Carefully prying it off, I smiled. It was — of all things — a Schooner beer label.

I was hit by a sudden rush of memories: of sitting in a Halifax bar in 1996, about to graduate from journalism school; of weighing whether to take a job in the far-off city of Saint John, New Brunswick; of not wanting to leave Nova Scotia, and yet realizing that I couldn't stay. I recalled peeling that Schooner label — with its iconic image of the *Bluenose* — and tucking it into my wallet, thinking, "if I *must* leave Nova Scotia, then I'll at least bring a small piece of the province with me."

MARIANNE HELM

Over the years, the creases in that Schooner label deepened. The *Bluenose* image faded and the edges turned to dust. But whenever I spied it while thumbing for cash, it evoked the same feeling: home.

Notions of home pervade a pair of feature articles in this issue. Our cover story, "Bluenose II Reborn," by Dean Jobb, recounts the efforts in Nova Scotia to restore the iconic Canadian sailing ship. The original *Bluenose*, built in 1921, was arguably the most famous racing vessel in the world. Its successor, *Bluenose II*, was for decades a fine ambassador for both its home province and its country. To see it saved from rot and ruin — to have her once again home on the waves, where she belongs — is a great thing.

"Dreams in the Dust," by Rick Book, is a very different story. Set during the Great Depression, it's the tale of a Finnish man living in Saskatchewan who suffered family tragedy and, wracked with loneliness, set out to build an iron-hulled ship and sail it back to Finland. Tom Sukanen's mad obsession — he spent more than a decade working on the *Sontiainen* — earned him ridicule. He ended his days far from home in an asylum.

It's been twenty years since I moved from Nova Scotia, and, while my longing for home hasn't reach Sukanen-esque levels, I still have my moments. I've often wondered whether other Canadians feel as strongly about where they're from. Do displaced Prairie dwellers dream of golden wheat fields? Do expat British Columbians miss the mountains? Do Torontonians or Montrealers yearn for their urban skylines?

I've lived in some great places: Halifax, Charlottetown, Saint John, Moncton, Calgary, and now Winnipeg. Each has its charms. But home is something different, something formative. It's the place that shapes us; it's where we become ourselves. And so, home for me will always mean salt spray on the wind, rolling farm fields, and the red sand shoreline of northern Nova Scotia. And the next time I'm there, I'll be sure to grab a Schooner and raise a toast to all us expats, wherever we may be.

Mark Reid

Contributors

Andrew Hind, the author of "Traitors!" is a freelance writer and historian from Bradford, Ontario. He has written for various publications. Together with co-author Maria Da Silva, he has written fourteen books, including *Ghost Towns of Muskoka* (Dundurn, 2008) and *Niagara: Daredevils, Danger and Extraordinary Stories* (Folklore Press, 2009). Their latest book is *Muskoka: Settlers, Secrets and Summer Fun* (Folklore Press, 2013).

Dean Jobb, who wrote this issue's cover story on the *Bluenose*, is a writer and journalist who has written extensively on the history of Atlantic Canada He is the author of *The Acadians: A People's Story of Exile and Triumph* (Wiley, 2005). Jobb's next book, *Prince of Fraud* (Algonquin, 2014) chronicles the escapades of 1920s-era Chicago swindler Leo Koretz. Jobb, a three-time winner of the Atlantic Journalism Award, teaches journalism at University of King's College in Halifax.

Jacques Poitras, the author of "Nasty Work in New Brunswick," is the provincial affairs reporter for CBC News in New Brunswick. His book *Beaverbrook: A Shattered Legacy* won the APMA's Best Atlantic Published Book Award. He also authored the book *The Right to Fight: Bernard Lord and the Conservative Dilemma*. His most recent book, *Imaginary Line: Life on an Unfinished Border,* outlines the colourful history of the ill-defined border between Maine and New Brunswick.

Rick Book, the writer of "Dreams in the Dust," was born and raised on a farm near Loreburn, Saskatchewan, graduated from the University of Saskatchewan, and has spent much of his career in Toronto as a writer. He is the author of two short story collections, three historical fiction novellas, a children's picture book, and non-fiction articles for newspapers, magazines, and websites. In 2008, he won an Association of Educational Publishers distinguished achievement award.

Justice denied to Riel

Canada's History
Bryce Hall Main Floor
515 Portage Avenue
Winnipeg, MB
R3B 2E9

With respect to the article "Thunder on the Prairie" in your February-March 2013 issue, there was no "indecision over the fate of Louis Riel" by Prime Minister John A. Macdonald. He was determined to have Riel executed.

In 1868, Macdonald's government passed a Canadian statute relating to treason. Seventy-one men were charged thereunder with respect to the 1885 Northwest uprising. However, in the case of the iconic Métis leader Riel, Macdonald dredged up the archaic 1351 British Statute of Treasons. Riel was charged with high treason under it because on conviction he could be executed, whereas under Macdonald's own 1868 Canadian statute Riel could only have been imprisoned.

In Riel's case, the 534-year-old British statute was inapplicable. It applied only in the "King's Realm." Many British authorities wrote that the King's Realm consisted only of England, Wales, and the four narrow seas around them.

As to whether Riel should be pardoned, the answer is no. Pardon implies forgiveness of a wrong committed. Louis Riel should rather be ***exonerated.***

George and Terry Goulet
Calgary

Editor's note: Historians George and Terry Goulet have authored and co-authored several books on the Métis experience in Canada. In 1999, George Goulet published The Trial of Louis Riel: Justice and Mercy Denied.

……

'Fighting Words' defended

I was saddened that the chair of the board of Canada's History Society [Richard Pound] felt obliged to attack the "Fighting Words" column by Ian McKay and Jamie Swift published in the February-March issue of *Canada's History*. While "Fighting Words" is designed to generate debate, Mr. Pound makes no mention of the issues raised in the column.

Instead, he defines the piece as "drivel" and accuses the authors of indulging in "puerile negativism, distortion, and gratuitous insults." These words seem to me an apt description of Mr. Pound's letter. Moreover, his attack on "cloistered" university historians is unwarranted. As most people are starting to recognize, new communications technologies have dissolved the borders between academic and popular history. Michael Valpy [*Globe and Mail* November 2009] was one of the first to offer a sustained discussion of the increasing militarization of Canadian culture. It is a valid observation and one that deserves reasoned engagement rather than angry dismissal by a spokesperson for Canada's History Society.

Margaret Conrad
Former director, Canada's History
Fredericton, New Brunswick

1812 Newfoundlanders forgotten

With reference to your issue of December-January 2013 on the subject "Who Really Won the War of 1812," I was disappointed that your article never mentioned that, long before Confederation, hundreds of Royal Newfoundland Regiment soldiers died defending Upper and Lower Canada. It is very strange that this fact seems to have disappeared from the memories of historians.

Honourable John C. Crosbie
St. John's, Newfoundland and Labrador

Freedom fighters?

Your February-March 2013 issue had a very interesting juxtaposition of articles. First was the story of the protests of the Sons of Freedom sect of the Doukhobor movement ["Home Fires Burning"], whose members moved into the Kootenay valleys of British Columbia and built their communities, farms, and other enterprises out of virgin forests. Second was the article about the Columbia River Treaty ["A River Runs Through Us"], which flooded many of those valleys and the communities, farms, and other enterprises. Could it be the Freedomites were protesting more than the religious intolerance of the provincial government?

Chris Shelton
Vancouver

Trial by fire

I was so surprised by the article on Mary Braun ["Home Fires Burning"]. In 1975, I was on a jury that sent Mary and several other ladies to prison. It was an interesting trial where the ladies stripped down and sang. This was the first time I have heard of her since. Thank you so much for the story.

Mrs. H. Osborne
Logan Lake, British Columbia

Erratum

Joan Cleather is the author of Head, Heart and Hands: The Story of Physiotherapy in Canada. *Incorrect information appeared in our February-March 2013 issue.*

Canada's History magazine welcomes your comments. Email us at editors@CanadasHistory.ca or write to *Canada's History*, Bryce Hall Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9 Canada. Please include your address and phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

TALES AND TREASURES

FROM THE RICH LEGACY OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

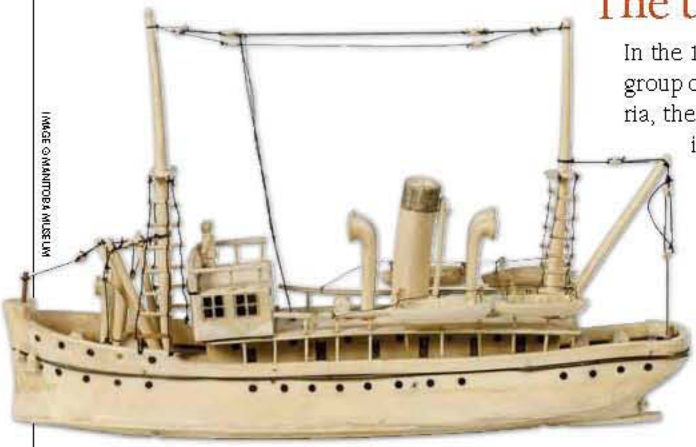


IMAGE © MANITOBA MUSEUM

The unsinkable ghost ship

In the 1920s, the HBC was looking to expand its markets and sent a small group on the SS *Baychimo* to post-revolutionary Russia. In Kamchatka, Siberia, the traders met and exchanged goods with the Chukchi, a northern indigenous group. The Chukchi were so taken with the novelty of the HBC's ship that they carved this ivory reproduction. In 1931, the ship got caught in the ice off Barrow, Alaska, where it was unloaded and abandoned. It did not sink, however, and eventually became known as the "ghost ship of the Arctic" — with sightings of the *Baychimo* taking place every few years in various parts of the North. The last sighting was in 1969. The Alaskan government recently began efforts to locate its final resting place. To learn more about the Chukchi carvings and the SS *Baychimo*, watch the video at CanadasHistory.ca/CarvingStories.

— **Tanja Hütter**

In The Beaver…

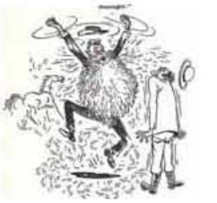
90 years ago

Royal wedding watch

On April 26, 1923, London-based Hudson's Bay Company employee Nancy Buckingham and five of her mates were granted permission to leave their office duties to view the wedding procession of Prince Albert, Duke of York (who would later be King George VI) and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. Buckingham's observations, including a self-deprecating consideration of her own actions at the event, were published in the June 1923 issue under the title "The Royal Wedding." Even with the advantage of her tall stature, Buckingham resorted to any means, "fair or foul," to see all that she could.

60 years ago

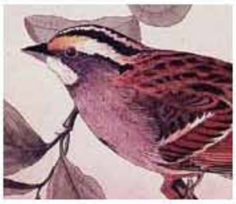
Amused and amazed



James McCook, parliamentary correspondent for the *Ottawa Journal* in 1953, had a strong interest in the history of the Prairie provinces. In "Peers on the Prairie," appearing in the June 1953 issue, McCook highlighted the humorous tales of titled tourists and their fascination with hunting expeditions in the West. He described how one English earl visiting in 1859 "set a pattern of bull-headedness and eccentricity, imperiousness and generosity forever after expected of the peer on the prairie." Cartoon illustrations by James Simpkins accompanied the article.

30 years ago

For the birds



In the Summer 1983 issue, Charles A.E. Brandt, a chief conservator with the Provincial Archives of Manitoba, described the challenges of restoring 109 prints of Volume I of John James Audubon's *Birds of America*. High acidity in the paper was an obvious problem, but compounding the task was the excess breakage of the leaves. The grain of the paper ran horizontally and the pages did not fall flat when open because of the whipstitching used to bind the book. Bird illustrations and photos of Brandt at work were included.

The Beaver magazine was originally founded as a Hudson's Bay Company publication in 1920. To read stories from past issues, go to **CanadasHistory.ca/tradingpost**. To explore the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, go to **hbc.com/hbc/history**.

OUR HOME AND NATIVE

WonderBra

Thanks to Montreal's Louise Poirier and the Canadian Lady Corset Company, Canadian women were able to experience the revolutionary plunging, laced, push-up WonderBra long before it became a fashion must-have for women in Europe and the United States.

Brassieres as we know them go back to the early twentieth century, and the push-up bra debuted in the 1940s. But it was Poirier's early 1960s design (patented in 1971) under company founder Moe Nadler that eventually transformed the industry.

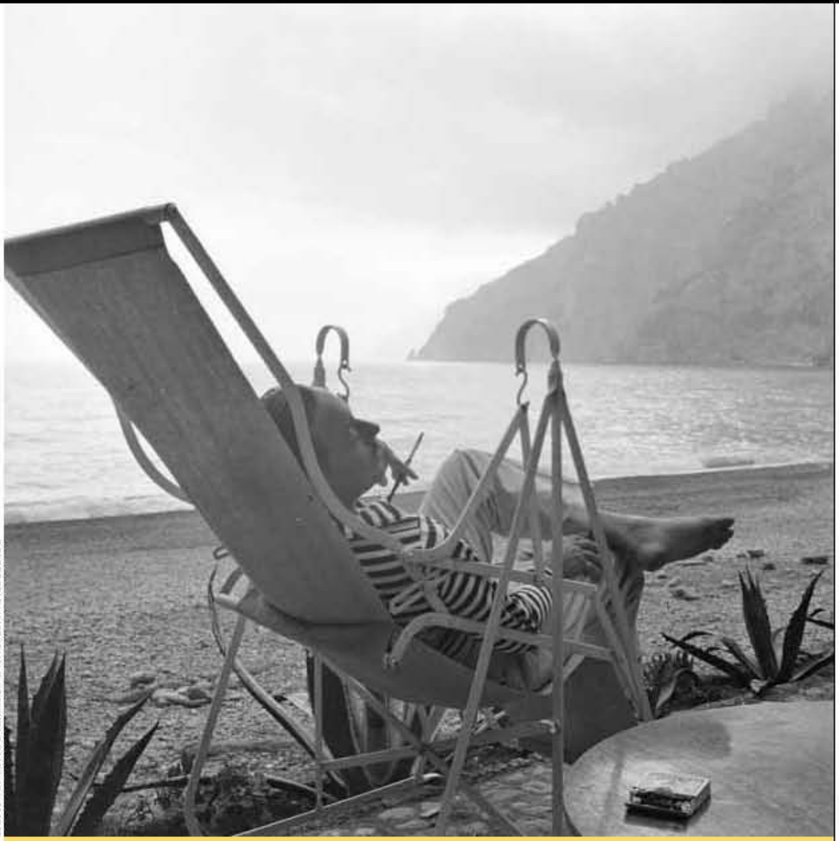
WONDERBRA

After buying the rights to market an earlier, much different "Wonder-Bra," the company used the spelling WonderBra to market Poirier's creation. It boasted of the bra's "precision engineering" and fifty-four design elements.

While women were turning away from girdles and from regarding undergarments as primarily functional, television advertising promoted the WonderBra as expressing beauty, youthfulness, and newfound freedom.

In the early 1990s, a combination of fashion trends and industry competition led to a surge in sales, first in the United Kingdom and then at the bra's 1994 U.S. relaunch by the Sara Lee Corporation. A *San Francisco Chronicle* headline during the so-called "bra wars" asked, "Will Wonderbra Save the World?" Later, in 2008, a survey of U.K. women declared it the top fashion innovation of all time.

— **Phil Koch**



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PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY

Tennessee Williams, playwright
Positano, Italy, 1956
Roloff Beny collection

Tennessee Williams was photographed by Canadian photographer Roloff Beny in Positano, Italy, in 1956, while Williams was working on his play *Suddenly, Last Summer*.

This portrait of Williams was to appear in Beny's *Visual Journals*, a book meant to be about Beny's personal recollections of the famous people he photographed over the years — but the book was never published.

The photograph does appear in several posthumously produced publications, including *Visual Journeys*, where it is accompanied by Beny's note about Williams: "Here he is slouched in a languid twilight mood on the beach at Positano. In spite of his themes of cannibalism, rape, and eternal frustration [as in *Suddenly, Last Summer*], Tennessee is a gentle and most obliging man."

It would be a beautiful portrait, even without a well-known sitter — although, in this case, Williams' presence and obvious charisma add to the visual delight.

Selected by Library and Archives Canada photo archivist Shannon Perry.

Visit **CanadasHistory.ca** for the latest Canadian history news.

Royal Roads naval cadets use the Charles static model, circa 1942.

ROYAL ROADS MILITARY COLLEGE FONDS, RRU ARCHIVES

Officer cadets on parade at Royal Roads Military College, circa 1990.

ROYAL ROADS MILITARY COLLEGE FONDS, RRU ARCHIVES

Turning the pages

University brings military college yearbooks to the web

Royal Roads University has launched an online archive of yearbooks from its roots as a Canadian military college.

Caroline Posynick led the digitization project, which was funded by a grant through the BC History Digitization Program. She says former cadets often come to the university to look at the annual yearbook, known as *The Log*, and she wanted to give both alumni and researchers an easier way to access the documents.

"Making them accessible online is part of our mandate so people can find them and enjoy them. It's a nice way for the university to pay homage and respect to the members of the military who learned here," Posynick said.

The Royal Roads University Archives provides access to every yearbook published by the military college from 1943 until it became a university in 1995. The fifty-three yearbooks are full of photos, news, speeches, and messages — like this note written by Vice Admiral G.C. Jones in 1943: "Since the last time your *Log* was published, great events have taken place in the world. On all fronts, the Allies are advancing to crush Germany, leaving them free to deal with Japan."

The college's history goes back to 1940, when it was founded as a naval training establishment for short-term reserve officers. In 1942, the college expanded to train regular force naval cadets, and army cadets were added five years later.

In 1968 the college officially became Royal Roads Military College, and in 1975 it was allowed to grant degrees to its students. Women were admitted to the college beginning in 1983. By the time it closed as a military college in 1995, more than six thousand cadets had received training there.

The digitization project involved scanning approximately seven thousand pages of documents from the yearbooks and uploading them to a website, a process that took a year to complete. So far, Posynick says, the response she's received from former cadets has been extremely positive.

"The military training was pretty tough, and they made a lot of lifelong friends. Everybody loves their youth and they want to remember it fondly."

Visit CanadasHistory.ca/TheLog to see more photos or to visit the online archive of yearbooks.

— Mark Schram

TAKE THE DAY OFF

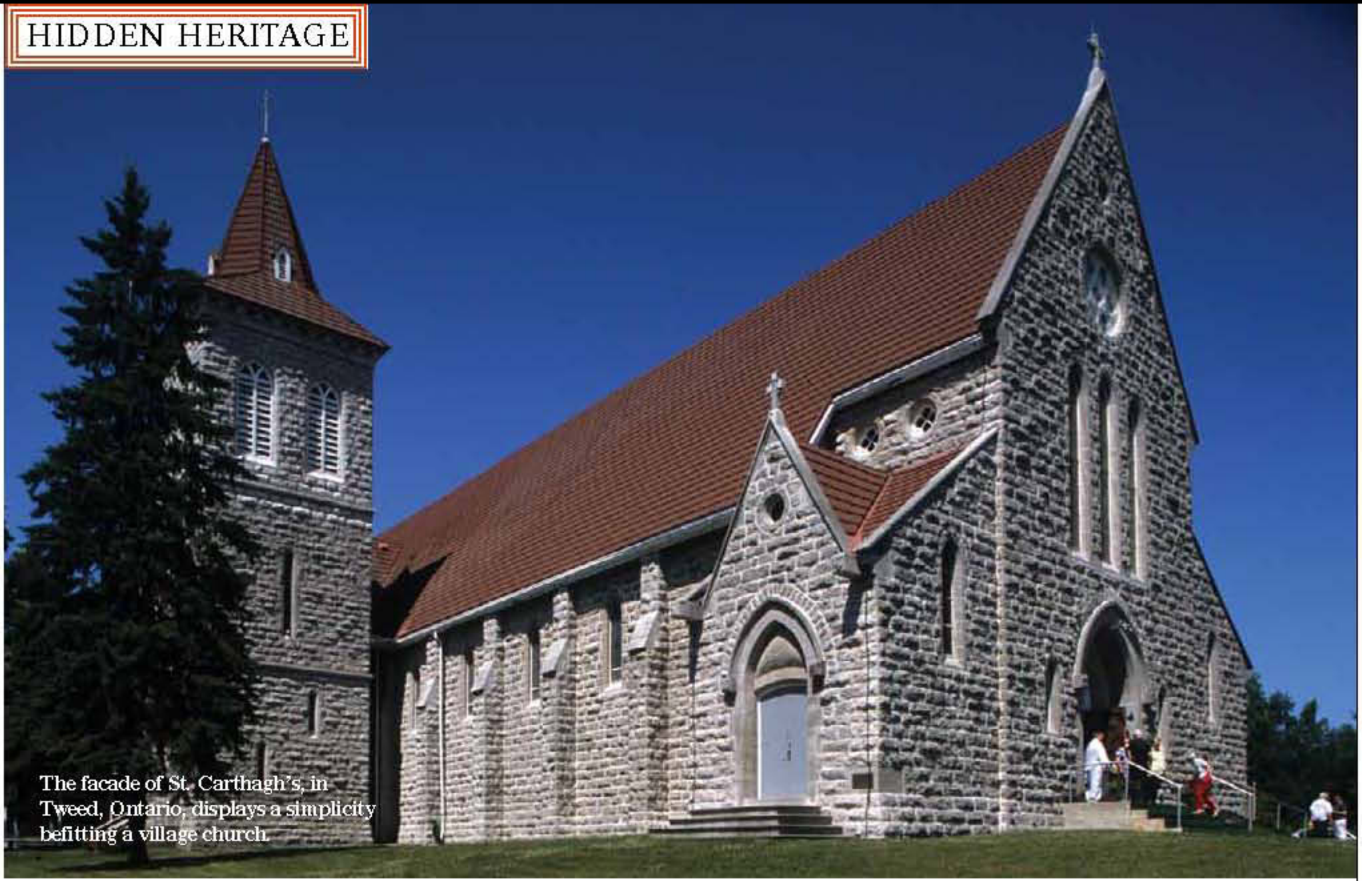
June 17

To recall the purchase of Newfoundland's Avalon Peninsula on this day in 1616 by William Vaughan, who attempted to found a Welsh colony. Play some Tom Jones.

June 19

To remember the day in 1888 when Quebec put into effect a law on child labour and factory conditions. Give your children the day off.

HIDDEN HERITAGE



The facade of St. Carthagh's, in Tweed, Ontario, displays a simplicity befitting a village church.

MALCOLM THURLBY

St. Carthagh's Roman Catholic Church

Tweed, Ontario, 1887–89

St. Carthagh's, in Tweed, Ontario, is one of many churches constructed in the late nineteenth century under the auspices of James Vincent Cleary, who was bishop of Kingston from 1880 to 1889 and archbishop from 1889 to 1898.

St. Carthagh's was built between 1887 and 1889, and its Gothic style followed the principles of the famous Roman Catholic architect and theorist Augustus Welby Pugin. Pugin was passionate about Gothic, or "pointed" architecture, as he called it. He believed it was the only appropriate style for church architecture — Gothic was Christian whereas classical architecture was pagan. His many publications, such as *The True Principles of Pointed Architecture* (1841), argued for the careful study of medieval Gothic buildings as the basis for an accurate revival of the style and construction techniques of the Middle Ages.

This tradition is very evident at St. Carthagh's. The church was designed by Joseph Connolly, who had moved to Toronto in 1873 after being trained in the Dublin office of James Joseph McCarthy, the "Irish Pugin."

The simplicity of St. Carthagh's facade, with a rose window in the gable and three lancet windows above the pointed doorway, follows Pugin's south transept facade at Killarney Cathedral in Ireland. The unmoulded lancets befit the village church and reflect Irish medieval exemplars like the thirteenth-century Cistercian abbey church at Dunbrody, Ireland. St. Carthagh's thus provided the perfect expression of the Irish Catholic community in Tweed.

—**Malcolm Thurlby**

Contributed by the Society for the Study of Architecture in Canada, a learned society devoted to the examination of Canada's built environment. See canada-architecture.org.

June 24

WE
REFUSE
TO BE
SECOND
CLASS
WORKERS
DEMAND
EQUAL RIGHTS
DRIVING
PROMOTION
SICK-PAY
PENSIONS

To mark the day in 1948 when Toronto's female teachers gained wage parity with male colleagues. Read, write, and count your pay packet.

July 6

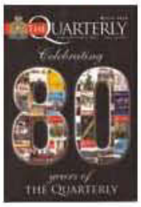
To note the day in 1711 when New France's property owners were told to cultivate their lands or face confiscation. Weed your garden.

July 29

THE GREAT FIRE OF 1916

To observe the day in 1916 when massive forest fires at Cochrane and Matheson, Ontario, killed over two hundred people. Practise prevention.

They always get their magazine



The signature publication of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is celebrating its eightieth year of publication. Now one of the oldest continuously published magazines in Canada, the *Quarterly* debuted in 1933 and has been produced by the RCMP Veterans' Association since 1999.

The *Quarterly* includes stories on current events as well as in-depth articles on community initiatives, new technologies, and other issues that impact the world of policing. It has recorded the force's history for more than half of its existence while providing a place for RCMP members and their families to share personal stories.

A special eightieth-anniversary edition includes letters from past and present RCMP commissioners, a photo retrospective that looks back to the force's early days in Canada's West, and a letter from former Prime Minister R.B. Bennett that was originally printed in the magazine's first edition in July 1933, on the sixtieth anniversary of the force's founding. Visit CanadasHistory.ca/TheQuarterly for information about how to obtain a copy.

……

Recording project commemorates War of 1812

REFLECTIONS
ON
1812

The vivid stories being told during War of 1812 bicentennial events have inspired musicians in southwestern Ontario to create a new CD to mark the occasion.

Peter Boyer's band Same Latitude As Rome had for a while been performing several songs about the War of 1812. Inspired by the stories he discovered, he challenged other musicians in the Windsor Regional Writers Group to create music related to the war.

A grant from Heritage Canada enabled them to record and distribute the CD *Reflections on 1812*, a twelve-song disc that brought together more than twenty musicians who eschewed fife-and-drum jingoism for introspective pieces that give voice to those caught up in the conflict. "It was an opportunity to tell the War of 1812 story from a distinctly Canadian perspective," Boyer said.

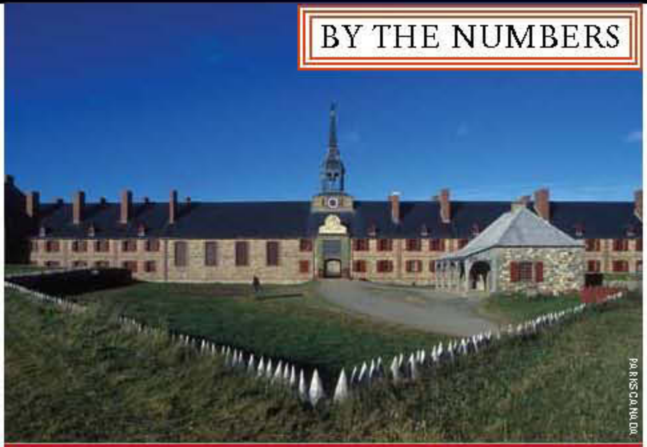
Boyer's contribution, entitled "Tecumseh," is one of the few to focus on well-known personalities. Other artists adapted period poems, as in "Come All Ye Bold Canadians" and "The Wonder of All the World."

"We learned what it's like to write about something greater than yourself," said Terry Taylor of Windsor band Gone Wrong. Taylor was brought to tears as he wrote "Our Last Storm," a piece about the "shadow on our soul" the war brought to a couple after the husband left to fight in the militia.

Taylor and Boyer say their War of 1812 songs have transcended the recording project to become important parts of their repertoires. Visit CanadasHistory.ca/Reflections1812 to listen to some of the songs from the CD.

— **Nancy Payne**

BY THE NUMBERS


PARKS CANADA

Louisbourg

The Fortress of Louisbourg National Historic Site is celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the 1713 founding of the French colony of Île Royale on what is now Nova Scotia's Cape Breton Island. The French built impressive fortifications at the harbour town of Louisbourg, which became the colony's capital, but the fortress walls were destroyed after the second British siege in 1758. Today's visitors can "step back in time to 1744" at the reconstructed site run by Parks Canada. Events from June to October will mark the anniversary.

30 Soldiers who manned Louisbourg's main land entrance, the Dauphin Gate, around the clock.

500 Pounds of flour imported each year for each colonist.

46 Length in days of the first siege of Louisbourg in 1745.

1748 Year the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle returned control of the seaport to the French.

14,000 Crew members of 150 British ships, supported by 13,100 land troops, who recaptured Louisbourg in 1758.

25 million Cost in dollars of a project begun in 1961 to restore parts of the site to their appearance before the first siege.

5.5 million Artifacts collected during decades of research and stored at the site.

3 Period restaurants serving food and beverages based on eighteenth-century recipes.

The running warrior

Cree athlete continues to inspire people today. by Charlotte Cameron.

On October 30, 1917, a sniper shot and killed Private Alex Decoteau at the Battle of Passchendaele. That is the way life ended for a remarkable Cree man from the Prairie provinces who in his time was famous as both an athlete and a police officer.

Decoteau was not yet thirty when he died, but he was well-known in Canada for his many accomplishments. He became Canada's first Aboriginal policeman when he joined the Edmonton force in 1911. He was a distance runner who competed in the 1912 Olympics in Stockholm. He quit policing in 1916 to fight in Europe during the Great War.

Decoteau was born on the Red Pheasant Reserve near North Battleford, Saskatchewan, on November 19, 1887. His father was Peter Decoteau, one of the warriors at the battle of Cut Knife Hill on May 2, 1885, during the Northwest Rebellion. His mother was Mary Wuttunee, a daughter of the reserve's chief.

Growing up on the reserve, the willowy youth enjoyed running and hunting. Tragedy struck early in his life when his father was murdered. Decoteau went to live in Edmonton with his sister and brother-in-law and was soon entering foot races. From 1909 to 1916, he entered every significant race in Alberta and generally won.

By 1910 he had already gained a reputation as the "Tom Longboat of the West" — a reference to the legendary runner from the Six Nations Reserve in Ontario.

The highlight of Decoteau's athletic career came in 1912, when he was selected for Canada's team at the Stockholm Olympics — he was the only Albertan chosen. Described as a dangerous contender, Decoteau placed sixth in the five-thousand-metre race.

There were several other Aboriginal athletes at the Games, and they were persuaded by the Swedish press to put on an exhibition race. They all crossed the finish line together. When Decoteau was asked if they'd planned it that way, he replied: "Heck no, we're all from different tribes."

EDMONTON ARCHIVES EA-10-2072

Alexander Decoteau, circa 1912.

As a member of the Edmonton police force, his running ability was put to good use. One of his duties was to catch car drivers who exceeded the fifteen-mile-per-hour speed limit on Jasper Avenue. Decoteau chased them on foot, easily overtaking them. The speedy constable rose to the rank of sergeant in 1914. He also became the country's first motorcycle policeman.

Decoteau, like as many as four thousand other Canadian Aboriginal men and women, volunteered to serve in the First World War. In 1916, he went overseas, training at Salisbury, England, where he continued to compete in foot races. One of his proudest moments came after winning a five-mile competition. King George V was to present him with a trophy, but the trophy was misplaced. So the King reached into his waistcoat and gave Decoteau his gold pocket watch instead.

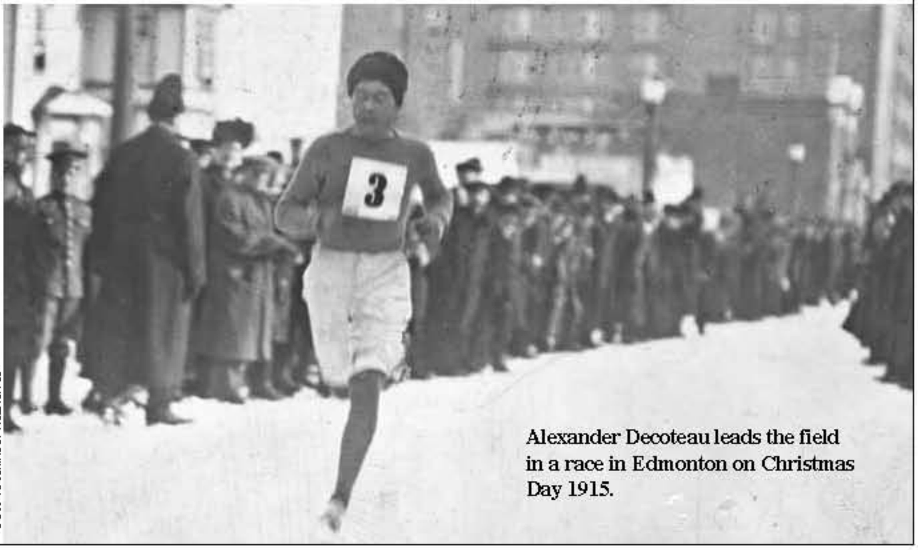
Decoteau treasured the King's pocket watch and carried it with him when he was transferred to the front in Belgium. There he put his talent to use as a trench runner, relaying messages up and down the line. He soon faced the grim reality of industrial warfare. He was plagued by trench fever. As men died around him, he thought longingly of home. He wrote to his sister Emily: "I dreamed of all the mothers, sisters, and sweethearts I ever had."

Folklore has it that the German sniper who shot Decoteau removed the King's pocket watch from his body, but that it was later recovered when the runner's comrades shot the sniper. The watch was returned to his mother. His body was buried in Flanders Fields near Ypres, Belgium.

His family never forgot him. Children have been named after him, all pronouncing their name "Alec." Annual runs are held in his honour in Edmonton. The Belgians didn't forget him, either. An Alex Decoteau memorial run was held there in 2007.

In the words of his relative, Gerald Wuttunee: "Alex belongs to all of Canada, to all of us and to all the young children." ●

Charlotte Cameron is an Alberta writer and teacher who wrote the play *Running: The Alex Decoteau Story*.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Alexander Decoteau leads the field in a race in Edmonton on Christmas Day 1915.

Governor General Lord Tweedsmuir reads the Speech from the Throne in 1938 to open Parliament in the Senate Chamber of the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

House broken

Canada's founding fathers would likely support scuttling the Senate.

What were they thinking? How, we wonder, did the Confederation makers ever come up with the Senate?

Before the ink was dry on the British North America Act, the plan for the Senate of Canada was being denounced. In 1865, a member of the Province of Canada legislature condemned it as "a very near approach to the worst system that could be devised.… It can never tend to good, and it can never last."

Well, the Senate has lasted. But Canadians continue to wonder why it seemed like a good idea to build an upper house so undemocratic, so unrepresentative, and so ineffectual.

It has not been easy to explain. Indeed, from the public statements they made, one has to suspect the politicians of the 1860s were concealing their motives for designing the Senate.

George-Étienne Cartier said the upper house of the new Parliament would be a "power of resistance to oppose the democratic element." He has often been taken seriously, as if he wanted a chamber full of aristocratic gents dictating to the peasantry. But Cartier's political power came from that same democratic element he professed to fear. Cartier rose to power as soon as the votes of Quebeckers really began to matter, after responsible government was established in 1848.

Ordinary francophone voters, not royal favour, gave him his place in public life. The appointed Senate could never offer Cartier the kind of power he really valued. Cartier was merely speechifying. Instead of revealing his real plans, he was offering words that might please hidebound British statesmen or anglophones eager to curb Quebec's ballot box power.

For his part, John A. Macdonald said the Senate was designed "to protect local interests and prevent sectional jealousies." He also joked that it would protect minorities — "and the rich are always fewer than the poor." But one of Macdonald's political gifts was his ability to say reassuring things he did not believe at all. Macdonald had no serious inclination to "protect local interests." Before Confederation, he opposed giving the provinces constitutional powers, and as prime minister he fought to limit them at every turn. A convinced centralist, Macdonald wanted power where he was, in Ottawa. He wanted no local interests resisting him from the Senate.

The Confederation makers talked airily of a Senate controlling the too-democratic Commons and bringing regional power to the heart of Ottawa. But look what they actually built.

Their Senate has never stood up against the Commons. It has never stood up for the regions and provinces, either. The provinces are protected by federalism, by a Constitution that gives them powers Ottawa cannot take from them.

So, the people who created Confederation built a Senate that does not restrain the lower house of Parliament and does not speak for the provinces, either. Hmm. Could it be they meant it that way?

Yes it could.

The Confederation makers of the 1860s were parliamentary democrats. They believed in keeping government accountable to the people's true elected representatives, the ones in the House of Commons. They did not want the Commons hamstrung by a powerful House of Lords, as in Britain, or a powerful unrepresentative Senate, as in the United States.

There were limits to how far they could go in the 1860s. All the British North American provinces before 1867 had upper houses, and Confederation was being built, according to resolution four of the 1864 Quebec Resolutions, on "the well understood principles of the British constitution." To propose doing without an upper house might have looked radical and unsettling — and Confederation had enough challenges without that.

The trick the nation builders had to bring off in the 1860s was to design an upper house that looked dignified, and reassuring, and traditional — and yet did not stand in the way of the genuinely representative House of Commons. What better way to do the latter than to remove the Senate's moral authority — by making it appointive?

They succeeded brilliantly. The Senate may cost us a bit of money, and senators' antics may annoy us, but at least we can be sure the Senate will not impede the will of the people when it is firmly expressed by our elected representatives in the House of Commons. In less partisan times, it has sometimes offered "sober second thought"; but in today's party-dominated Senate even that role has gone.

This is why Senate "reform" poses such dangers. A reformed Senate would be a more powerful Senate — but it would still be less representative and less accountable than the Commons. We have problems with our House of Commons today, but they need to be fixed in the Commons, not by creating fresh problems elsewhere.

In the 1860s, doing away with the upper house would have seemed radical and reckless. But since then every upper house in the Canadian provinces has been abolished, and the provinces have not suffered without them. The idea of a unicameral (one-legislature) parliament is no longer alarming.

If we cannot stomach the Senate as it is, the choice is between creating a reformed and powerful Senate or abolishing it altogether. It is easy to predict where the Confederation makers of 1867 would stand: Better no Senate than a powerful one.

Abolition would not be simple. And it should not be, for it is a serious constitutional change. But that is the option suited to the Canadian parliamentary tradition.

Christopher Moore comments in every issue of *Canada's History.*

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Dangers lurk in photo albums

Attempts to conserve your family keepsakes may actually hasten their demise. by Paul Jones

ISTOCKPHOTO

Talk to conservators anywhere in Canada and you will find that they are regularly asked to minister to the sorry remains of once-precious documents and heirlooms. Over and over again they are called in too late by desperate families, often after the failure of disastrous amateur efforts to preserve and repair heritage treasures.

Conservaors repeatedly see:

- vintage photographs handed down through generations only to be ruined after just a decade of "preservation" in magnetic photo albums;
- prints and paintings irreversibly discoloured, or "burned," around the perimeter where in contact with a sub-standard mat;
- so-called archival scrapbooks manufactured with corrosive inks that no archivist would ever countenance;
- legacy wedding dresses, lovingly recalled from long-term storage for a daughter or niece, discovered to be nothing more than yellowed tatters with barely enough pristine fabric to make a veil or a hankie; and
- otherwise salvageable heirlooms taped up like a hockey stick for "safe transport" to the conservator, whose first and greatest challenge will be repairing the damage from the tape.

In every case, the owners of the artifacts, intelligent and responsible people, were trying to do the right thing.

Take the wedding dress. It was still wrapped in the tissue paper and sealed in the very plastic bag in which it came home years ago from the dry cleaner. One would think that's surely the way to store it. In fact the plastic seal stopped the venting of residual dry cleaning chemicals, which then ate away at the fabric of the dress. Over time, acids leached from the tissue paper and plastic, compounding the damage.

Or consider archival scrapbooks. Surely that description must mean something. Sorry, archival is an unregulated word. You can, however, rely on terminology such as "100 per cent acid-free," "museum grade," "100 per cent rag" (signifying a paper with no wood content and thus no lignin, a source of acids), or "buffered" (slightly alkaline to neutralize any acids).

What about those works of art you spent a fortune on reframing? Unless you sought out acid-free materials, you are surely inflicting mat burn on these pieces, especially if you opted for something other than white. Colour comes from dyes, which are almost certainly not acid-free.

So what to do? First some basics.

Never:

- laminate (heat and vacuum seal in plastic) anything of value;
- encapsulate (in a plastic folder) documents with a powdery surface, such as pastels or charcoal drawings;
- use polyvinyl chloride (PVC) plastic in the storage or display of valuables;
- apply tape (transparent, duct, masking) to anything of value;
- use storage products (such as magnetic photo albums) with adhesives; or
- do repair jobs with adhesives. In fact, for an heirloom of value, never attempt amateur repair jobs of any kind.

Always:

- make an inventory of items with historic, sentimental, or intrinsic value;
- take photographs of your valuables and ensure that they are properly insured;
- store your photos and inventory, in both hard copy and digitally, in accordance with normal best practices for data protection and backup;
- purchase storage and display materials (boxes, tissue paper, folders, mats, and so on) that are 100 per cent acid-free — and that means acid-free inks and dyes, not just the supporting medium;
- use buffered storage products if available, except for wool, silk or other protein-based fabrics that can be damaged by contact with alkaline materials;
- find a storage location free from extremes of heat and humidity; and
- seek the advice of a trained conservator if you have a problem, need a repair or restoration, or are uncertain how to conserve an heirloom.

Many of us, let's face it, are skinflints with an exaggerated sense of our talents. If we just had the time or the connections, we'd be writing great screenplays, managing the Blue Jays to a pennant, and effortlessly handling DIY projects around the home, such as repairing that sculpture we inherited from Uncle Fred.

Let's meet halfway on this: I'll concede that your screenplay could be an Oscar contender if you agree to leave Uncle Fred's legacy to a professional conservator. Next time, among other topics, we'll discuss how to find a good one, as well as offer more preservation and restoration tips.

Paul Jones, a former publisher, is a writer, consultant, and avid genealogical researcher.

TINA LOO

Class act

With the death of Stompin' Tom, Canada's underdogs have lost their champion.

Stompin' Tom Connors performing at the Forum, Ontario Place on August 4, 1974.

JEFF GOODE/GETSTOCK.COM

When Twitter told me #StompinTom was trending in early March, I knew it couldn't be good. I dug out one of his CDs and listened as I read through the 140-character tributes. They were as remarkable for their range as their number. Stompin' Tom Connors connected with English-speaking Canadians from all walks of life and all over the country and beyond. The federal NDP caucus saluted him by performing "Bud the Spud" in the foyer of the House of Commons, and the expatriate community chimed in with their memories of the man and his music through social media.

Connors was a true patriot, a true Canadian, "the folk poet-singer of the country itself," according to CBC broadcaster, fan, and fellow national icon Rex Murphy. Putting aside the fact that he is virtually unknown among francophone Quebeckers, what exactly is Stompin' Tom's Canada? What does his music say about who Canadians are?

The answer is both obvious and not: Connors' Canada is a nation of regions and the ordinary working people who live in them. While we readily acknowledge regional diversity as the source of the country's identity, we don't recognize how class also defines it. Until we do, Canada won't be the country he saw it as.

Stompin' Tom didn't write about "Canada" so much as he wrote about particular places: Ontario's Tillsonburg, Sudbury, or Ballinafad; or Prince Edward Island; or Saskatchewan. In doing so, he gave musical voice to the arguments made by two of Canada's most prominent historians in the late 1960s.

According to Ramsay Cook and Maurice Careless, Canadians shouldn't lament their lack of a national identity. They had one, and, even better, it was different from that of other countries: Canada was defined by a "heterogeneous pluralism"; the many "limited identities" of region, ethnicity, and class were what made it admirably distinct. As Cook put it, Canada "stubbornly refuses to exchange its occasionally anarchic pluralism for a strait-jacket identity." The whole was somehow greater than the sum of its sometimes unwieldy parts.

Cook and Careless later had misgivings about just how healthy this diversity of identities was for the country. But if Stompin' Tom knew of them, he would have disagreed. He never changed his position about Canada, even as the country changed dramatically over the course of his career. In any case, he wasn't a man given to academic debates or phrases like "limited identities" that seemed to damn with faint praise the country's vigour.

For him there was nothing limiting about strong regional identities or about Canada, except its doubters. Part of his appeal was the unapologetic certainty and pride of place that emanated from every song and lay behind his 1978 protest against Juno awards being given to "turncoat Canadians" who had chosen to make their careers in the United States.

Connors was a populist, as unvarnished as the battered piece of plywood that gave him his nickname. His uncomplicated lyrics celebrated ordinary life in small-town and rural Canada, whether it

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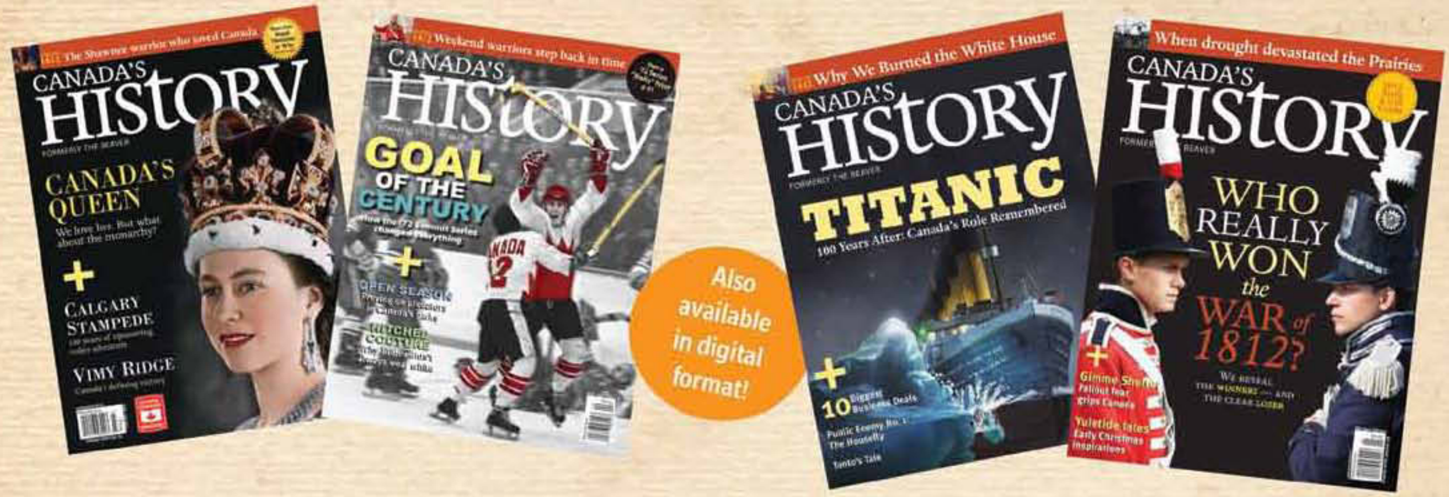
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was heading out to the lake with "a rod and reel and a snowmobile," going out to bingo, or the joys of "back yardin'" — "That's a chit-chat party in the garden / Just a barbeque with a friend or two where you don't give a … Beg your pardon! / That's back yardin'."

At the heart of Stompin' Tom's populism lay a respect for the hard-working, hard-playing men and women of Canada's working class. He celebrated the truckers who brought Canadians their food and asked us to do the same: "So when ya see that big truck rollin' by / Wave yer hand or kinda wink yer eye / 'Cause that's Bud the Spud from old P.E.I., with another big load o' potatoes!"

He remembered the lobstermen who "sailed away at the break o' day to pull traps in oilskin trousers," the labourers who toiled in the tobacco fields of Tillsonburg ("My back still aches when I hear that word…"), and the ironworkers who lost their lives building the Second Narrows Bridge ("So you could ride to the other side / Of old Vancouver town").

And he made his admiration (and his lack of political correctness) clear for the likes of Big Joe Mufferaw, who "drank a bucket o' gin and beat the livin' daylights out of twenty-nine men," and Muktuk Annie, who stood "four-foot-six" and weighed "two-sixteen" in her "long black hair and reindeer underwear."

These were all Tom Connors' type of people. He grew up poor in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island before leaving his foster family to hitchhike across the country, doing the kinds of work and meeting the kinds of people he'd later write about.

But for all we sing about how "we'll think no more of Inco on a Sudbury Saturday night" or cheer on Bud as he speeds down the 401, evading the police to make his delivery time, we don't fully take in the meaning of these lyrics or their politics.

Class is as central to defining Stompin' Tom's Canada as is region. But "class" isn't a word that comes up in discussions about him or the Canada he stood for, despite our long-standing acknowledgement that Canadians have historically been "hewers of wood and drawers of water." We have no problem talking about how language, ethnicity, race, religion, and sexuality shape identity, but when it comes to class Canadians are apparently all the same. Although inclusiveness is usually about recognizing difference, when it comes to class the reverse seems to be the case: It seems almost impolite to call attention to it.

If we really want to make Canada a place to be proud of — the wonderful place Connors thought it to be — then we need to come to terms with the inequalities of class. That might start with something as small as recognizing that he didn't just happen to invoke Inco because it rhymed with "stinko." It did, but it also captured a defining aspect of working-class experience, people trying to do the best they could with what they'd been dealt — and having fun even if they didn't have control.

"We'll get to work on Monday, but tomorrow's only Sunday / And we're out to have a fun day for she's Saturday tonight!"

When all is said and done, Stompin' Tom was a class act all the way.

University of British Columbia history professor Tina Loo writes regularly for *Canada's History*.

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CANADA'S HISTORY

BLUENOSE II REBORN

The replica of the iconic ship on Canada's dime has undergone a long-overdue restoration.

by Dean Jobb

Opposite page: The original *Bluenose* sails close-hauled during her first racing series in 1921.

From the wharf, the sleek black hull, the long sweep of the bow, and the soaring masts and rigging all looked as shipshape as ever. Inside the belly of one of the world's iconic sailing vessels, though, it was a much different story.

By the time Alan Hutchinson got a close look below the deck of *Bluenose II* in the summer of 2009, the ship was more than forty-five years old and decades beyond its best-before date. Salt water was penetrating the hull from below. Rainwater had seeped in from above. Rot and decay were eating away at the planking and the elegantly curved ribs. Hogging — the boat builder's term for the gradual sagging of an aging vessel's frame — had dropped the stern of Nova Scotia's trademark schooner by more than a metre.

"A lot of the lower sections of the frames and planks were in pretty rough shape," recalled Hutchinson, the president of Covey Island Boatworks of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia.

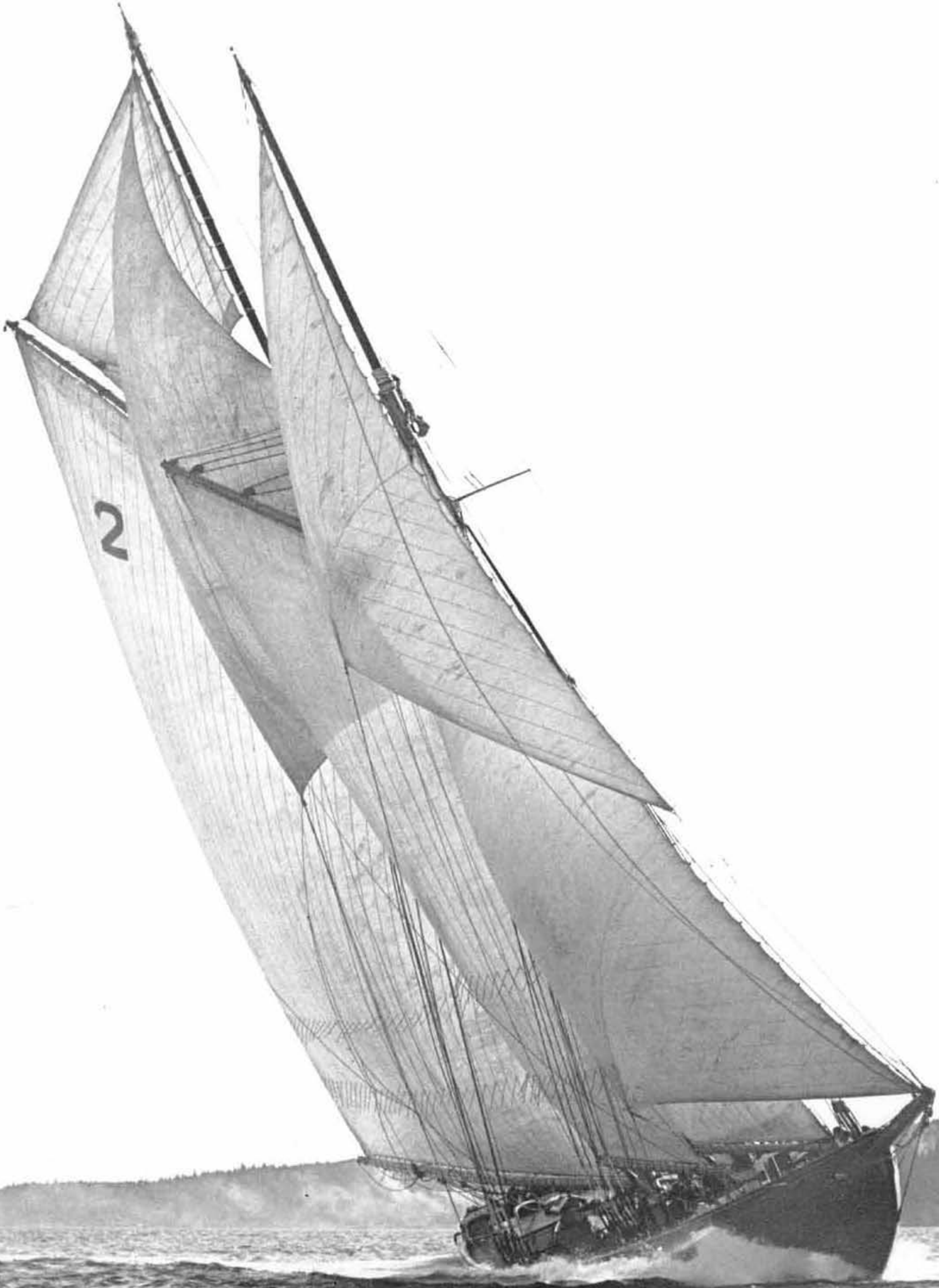
The vessel's owner, the government of Nova Scotia, faced a tough decision. It could patch up the worst of the damage, as had been done many times before. Or it could invest the millions of dollars needed to keep *Bluenose II* sailing into the next half of the twenty-first century.

The province charted the latter course. Hutchinson's company, which builds luxury yachts, joined forces with two other firms — Lunenburg Industrial Foundry and Engineering and Snyder's Shipyard — to form the Lunenburg Shipyard Alliance and build a modern *Bluenose II.* The new ship would be true to its heritage as a replica of the fastest of the Grand Banks racing schooners.

"*Bluenose II* is a tangible connection to our past," said Bill Greenlaw, Nova Scotia's executive director of archives, museums, and libraries and the government's lead official on a refit that will see the schooner back in the water and under sail this summer.

The story of the Canadian schooner that outraced the Americans has become the stuff of legend and a source of national pride, a symbol of triumph over adversity. Canada is not a country known for celebrating its heroes, but there's something different about the swiftness, grace, and indomitable spirit of the original *Bluenose*. It has glided across Canada's ten-cent piece since 1937, and its sails have billowed on three postage stamps. Folksinger Stan Rogers and other songwriters have sung its praises. Countless writers and journalists have retold its David-and-Goliath story.

"It was one of the rare occasions in which, in an absolutely fair and square contest, we beat the Yanks repeatedly," said Nova Scotia writer Silver Donald Cameron, who contributed his own volume — *Schooner: Bluenose and Bluenose II* — to the shelf of *Bluenose* books.



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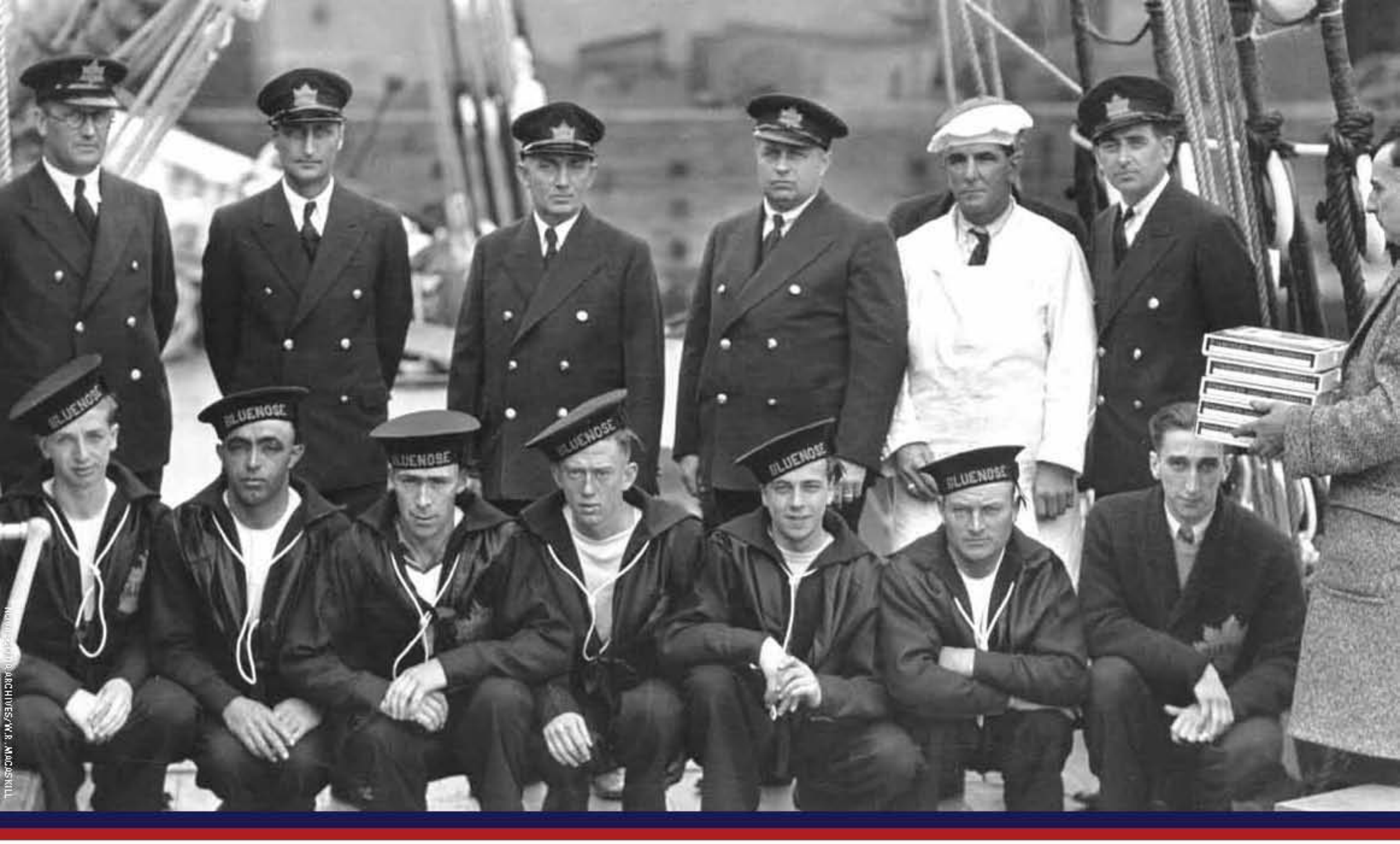


NOVA SCOTIA ARCHIVES/W.R. MACASKILL

Captain Angus Walters (back row, third from left) and crew pose on the deck of the *Bluenose* in this undated photo.

For more on this topic visit **CanadasHistory.ca**

The schooner was launched in Lunenburg in 1921 with one goal in mind — to win back the International Fishermen's Trophy that had been lost, the previous year, to the rival Massachusetts fishing port of Gloucester. A group of Halifax businessmen led by William H. Dennis, a senator and the publisher of the *Halifax Herald*, offered the trophy after an America's Cup race was called off due to high winds any fishing schooner could have handled with ease. Theirs would be a competition between working schooners and real sailors, not the timid crews of rich men's yachts.

After the embarrassing defeat of Nova Scotia's first challenger in 1920, an amateur naval architect, William J. Roué, was commissioned to design *Bluenose*. Measuring 143 feet (about half the length of a city block) from bow to stern and with masts as high as a twelve-storey building, it was dispatched to the Grand Banks to fish for cod — a prerequisite for vessels competing for the trophy. An experienced Lunenburg fishing captain, Angus Walters, signed on as majority owner and skipper.

Bluenose won the trophy in 1921 and defended it in 1922, outclassing the best schooners the Americans could muster. A rematch in 1923 was cut short when Walters, incensed by a ruling that he had strayed from the course, refused to continue racing. The dispute ended the competition for the rest of the decade, and *Bluenose* fished out of its home port, Lunenburg. In 1930, Walters finally agreed to race against a speedy new addition to the Gloucester fleet, *Gertrude L. Thebaud*, for the newly created Lipton Cup. *Bluenose* lost.

It was the first and last time the schooner was defeated in an international racing series. The following year, *Bluenose* and *Thebaud* squared off for the Fishermen's Trophy, and this time *Bluenose* emerged the victor. As the Great Depression deepened, the now-famous schooner represented Canada at the Chicago World's Fair in 1933 and crossed the Atlantic two years later to help celebrate King George V's silver jubilee. "Her name," noted Toronto's *Evening Telegram*, "is a household word. She has knit Canada together."

A final showdown came in 1938. Old, waterlogged, and worn out from too many seasons on the Grand Banks, *Bluenose* somehow beat the odds and defeated *Thebaud* three races to two while setting a speed record.

"There's something about the incredible drama of that,

BLUENOSE: A VOYAGE TO CANADIAN FOLKLORE STATUS

1920
The International Fishermen's Trophy race is launched as an alternative to the America's Cup yacht races. The Massachusetts schooner *Esperanto* defeats Nova Scotia's *Delawana*.

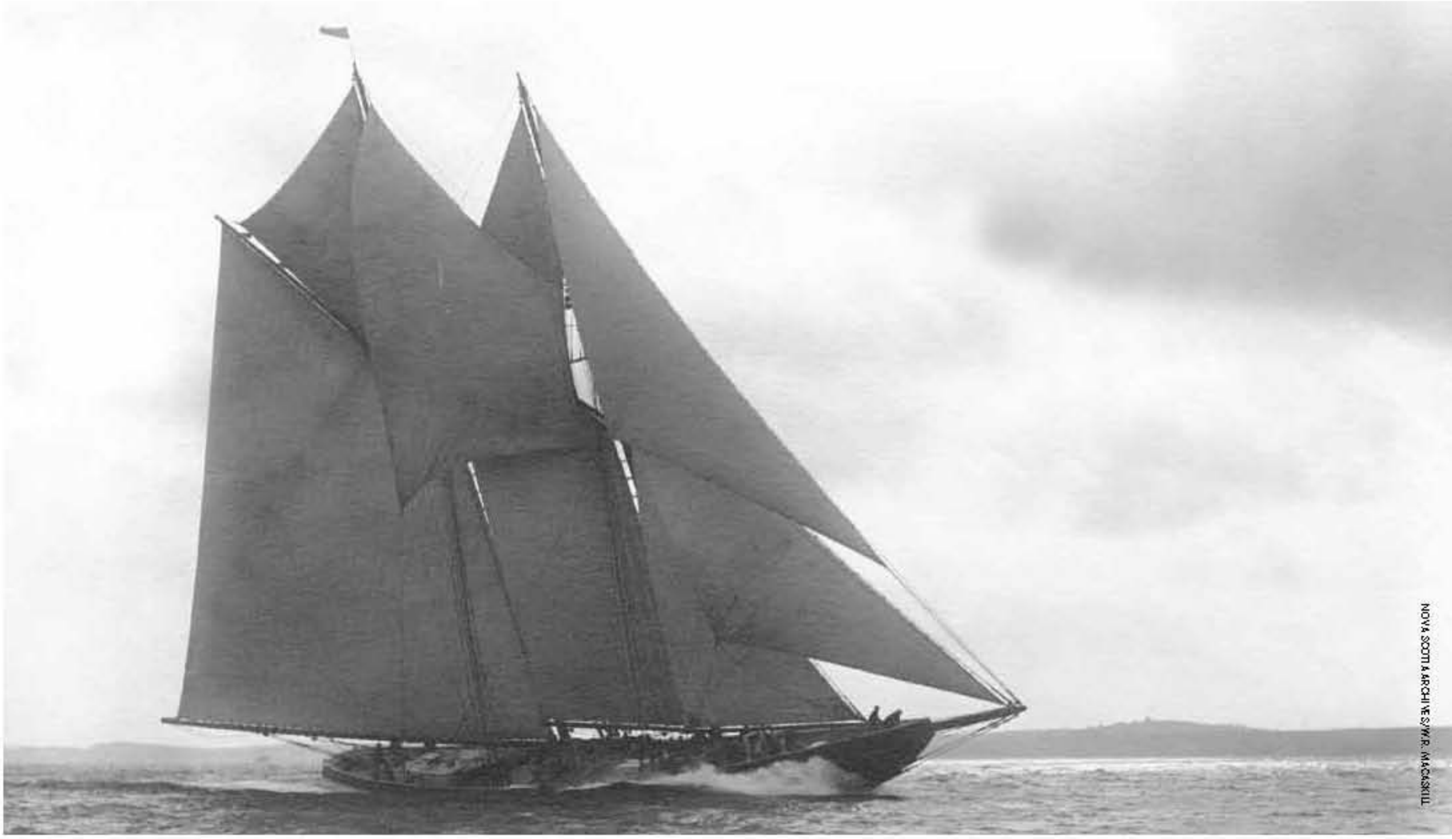
March 1921
Bluenose, designed by William J. Roué of Halifax, is launched from Lunenburg. Captain Angus Walters skippers it on fishing trips to the Grand Banks that summer.

October 1921
Walters and *Bluenose* outsail American challenger *Elsie* in two straight races off Halifax, finishing eleven minutes ahead in the final race to bring the trophy home to Canada.

1923
Bluenose wins one race but the second is awarded to American schooner *Columbia* after Walters passes inside a marker buoy. A dispute follows, ending the competition for eight years.

1931
The International Fishermen's Trophy is revived. *Bluenose* handily beats American challenger *Gertrude L. Thebaud* in races off Halifax.

1937
The Royal Canadian Mint issues the first ten-cent piece depicting a two-masted fishing schooner that is soon dubbed the *Bluenose* dime.



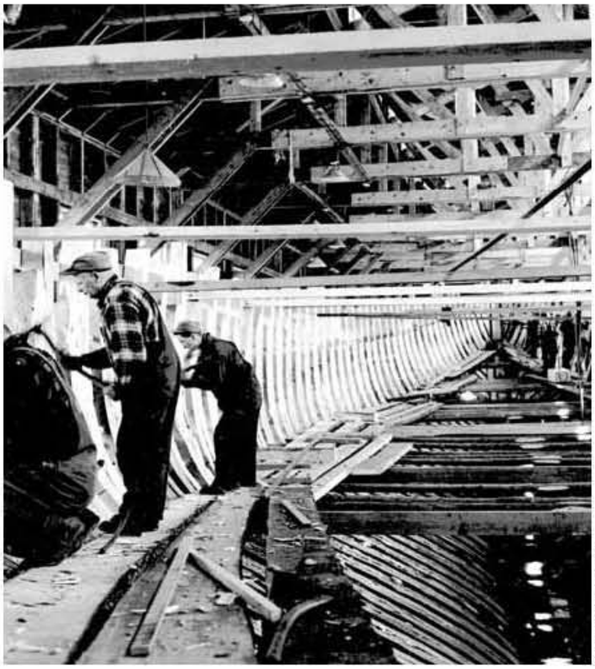
NOVA SCOTIA ARCHIVES/W.R. MACASKILL

of defending the championship," said Cameron. "It's the last time she's ever going to sail in a race, and she reaches deep inside herself and finds whatever it takes to win."

It was a last hurrah for the vanished age of wooden ships and iron men — and for *Bluenose* itself. Unable to drum up interest in preserving his beloved schooner, Walters was forced to sell it in 1942 and retired from seafaring to run a dairy. *Bluenose* ended its days in the Caribbean, ferrying cargoes of fruit and rum until it sank on a reef off Haiti in 1946.

A legend was born of the unbeatable *Bluenose*, even though it lost its share of individual races and the 1930 Lipton Cup series. "She was beaten often enough," said author Marq de Villiers, who recounted the schooner's exploits in his 2007 book, *Witch in the Wind*. "You can be a World Series baseball team but you're still going to lose games."

Bluenose was fast, especially in strong winds — a Canadian warship escorting it to Gloucester had to do fourteen knots to keep up — and theories abound about the source of its speed. Many credit Roué's streamlined design or Walter's decision to add height to the bow during construction. One Lunenburg shipwright was convinced a frost during con-



NOVA SCOTIA ARCHIVES

Above: *Bluenose* crosses the finish line to win the 1931 International Fishermen's Trophy series and defend the championship against the *Gertrude L. Thebaud.*

Left: Men work on the inside of the hull of *Bluenose II* at Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, 1963.

1938
Bluenose defeats *Thebaud* three races to two in a final showdown off Gloucester, Massachusetts, to retain the International Fishermen's Trophy.

1942
Bluenose is sold to the West Indies Trading Company. It carries cargo in the West Indies for four years before being wrecked on a reef off Haiti.

July 1963
Smith & Rhuland launch *Bluenose II*, commissioned by the Oland Brewery to promote Schooner beer. Eight years later, Nova Scotia buys the ship for a dollar.

1994
The Bluenose II Preservation Trust is formed to operate the aging vessel. The Lunenburg Marine Museum Society takes control in 2005. A dispute follows.

2010
The Lunenburg Shipyard Alliance is awarded the contract to reconstruct the vessel. The final cost, after some delays, reaches $16 million.

September 2012
The refurbished *Bluenose II* is launched in Lunenburg, ready for masts and rigging to be installed in time for the 2013 sailing season.

BLUENOSE II

NOVA SCOTIA ARCHIVES

Bluenose II **in full sail in 1969.**

struction had "set her beams ... like no man could ever do." De Villiers is among those who credit a perfect combination of sturdy vessel and skilled captain. Walters, he said, was at the helm for so long under so many conditions that he could sense how far he could strain sails and rigging in the quest for speed. "He got to know every quirk, every possibility."

For all the racing victories, perhaps the finest hour for Walters and *Bluenose* came during a fishing trip in April 1926, when a powerful blizzard caught the schooner at anchor off Sable Island, the infamous graveyard of unlucky ships. Walters lashed himself to the wheel and battled for eight hours to keep from running aground as the crew huddled below, waiting for the end. *Bluenose* kept "biting her way into the gale," Walters recalled. "Don't know as any other vessel could have done it. All you could do was to keep her going and hang on."

The *Bluenose* saga almost ended that night. "If it wasn't for the ship she was and the captain he was," crew member Clement Hiltz told a reunion of *Bluenose* crewmen decades later, "I wouldn't be here today."

It took Hollywood's quest for authenticity and history's most notorious mutiny to bring *Bluenose* back to life.

In the early 1960s, MGM Studios commissioned Smith & Rhuland, the shipyard that built *Bluenose*, to construct a replica of HMS *Bounty* for the movie *Mutiny on the Bounty*. (The same replica was in the news in the fall of 2012 when it sank in a hurricane off North Carolina with the loss of two crew members.) If Lunenburg shipwrights still had the skills to build large wooden sailing vessels, some said, why not rebuild the fabled *Bluenose*?

Halifax's wealthy, brewery-owning Oland family came forward, paying more than a quarter of a million dollars — a fortune at the time — to build a schooner based on Roué's original plans. Gerald Zwicker, then in his early twenties, worked on both ships and remembers manhandling massive rib timbers for a little more than a dollar an hour. "It was hard work because everything was heavy," he remembered, but "it gave you a good feeling to know that you could help build something like that."

Launched in 1963, *Bluenose II* was used to advertise Oland's Schooner brand beer and showcased Nova Scotia's maritime heritage at Expo 67 in Montreal. In 1971, the government assumed ownership and launched the vessel on a new career as the province's star tourist attraction. When not at dockside in Lunenburg or Halifax, or taking visitors on harbour cruises, it joined parades of tall ships and visited ports along the Eastern Seaboard and the Great Lakes. It ventured through the Panama Canal to attend the 1986 world's fair in Vancouver. Its elegant lines and distinctive triangular sails became a magnet for crowds. During one visit to Toronto an estimated 100,000 people walked its decks in a matter of days.

"It's one of the things that distinguishes Nova Scotia," said Cameron, who was aboard *Bluenose II* for a 1983 trip to Atlantic City. "It is the symbol of Nova Scotia."

Bluenose — or Bluenoser — has been a nickname for Nova Scotians since the late eighteenth century, and there's no escaping the schooner in its home province. Its logo separates the letters and numbers stamped on every blue-and-white Nova Scotia licence plate. More than two hundred and fifty Nova Scotia companies and community groups, past and present, have adopted the name, from Bluenose Accounting and Tax Services to Bluenose Well Drilling Ltd.

It is also a symbol of a simpler age, a prosperous time when wooden ships were built in harbours and coves throughout the Maritime provinces, fishing was the region's lifeblood, and Nova Scotia's ships and sailors could be found in ports around the world. *Bluenose II* evokes nostalgia for "a province that was self-sufficient and confident and made its own way in the world," said de Villiers.

Historians Ian McKay and Robin Bates have challenged this romanticized, packaged-for-tourists view of Nova Scotia's history. "*Bluenose* provided a record of stalwart heroes, the rugged individuals of a maritime frontier," fostering an escapist image of a "proud people with a noble past," they wrote in their 2010 book, *In the Province of History*.

A reminder of the harsh reality of *Bluenose*'s lost world can be found on Lunenburg's waterfront, amid the centu-

Joan Roué, right, great-granddaughter of William James Roué, who designed the first *Bluenose*, speaks with lawyers Bob Belliveau, left, and Michael Blades outside court on January 17, 2013.

THE CANADIAN PRESS/ANDREW VAUGHAN

A BOATLOAD OF CONTROVERSY

Angus Walters beat the Americans time after time on the water. And years after his racing exploits, he defeated the Yanks in a little-known battle on land — in a Halifax courtroom.

He sued New York-based *Cosmopolitan* magazine for libel in 1946 for reporting that a retired captain from Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, had become incensed and "cursed the Lord" because a young woman touring his "famous racing ship" had touched the wheel. There was no doubt the unnamed captain was Walters, who sought $15,000 in compensation for the attack on his reputation.

The lawsuit is one of a string of controversies that have dogged Canada's iconic racing schooner — from the dispute that cut short *Bluenose*'s defence of the International Fishermen's Trophy in 1923 to media reports lamenting the cost and extent of the latest refit of it replica, *Bluenose II*.

In 1933, just before *Bluenose* left Halifax for a goodwill voyage to the Chicago World's Fair, the Mounties discovered six kegs of contraband rum on board and placed the ship under arrest. Lunenburg County's representative in the provincial legislature, Gordon Romkey, convinced the authorities to drop the case and the press to stay silent, sparing the schooner from being branded a rum-runner.

Bluenose II became entangled in political scandal when it was revealed that more than $3 million was earmarked for the vessel between 1997 and 2002 under the controversial federal sponsorship program. Most of the money went to advertising firms, with only a fraction used for repairs.

The Bluenose II Preservation Society, set up to cover the cost of operating and repairing the ship, made headlines in 2003 when it accused a Halifax firm of copyright infringement for selling T-shirts and other *Bluenose* souvenirs. The trust, in turn, became embroiled in a dispute with the Nova Scotia government after a new community group was designated to operate the vessel in 2005. It took seven years to complete the transfer of more than a million dollars in cash and assets to the province.

The latest controversy remains before the courts. Descendants of *Bluenose* designer William J. Roué are suing the province and the marine engineers and shipyards involved in the reconstruction, claiming the work has infringed on their copyright to the original *Bluenose* plans.

The lawsuit follows three years of disagreements between the Roué family and the province. Joan Roué, the ship designer's great-granddaughter, had in 2007 started a fundraising drive to build a *Bluenose IV* — the Nova Scotia government holds the rights to the name *Bluenose III* — but did not succeed in raising the required funds.

As for Walters and his libel suit, in 1947 a sympathetic Nova Scotia judge condemned the *Cosmopolitan* story as "malicious" and "grossly false" and awarded the besmirched captain $3,500 in damages.

— Dean Jobb

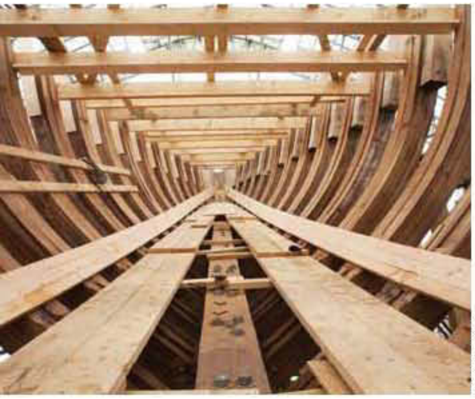
MARK DOUCETTE

Above: Workers place a plank into position during the refurbishing of the *Bluenose II.*

ries-old architecture that has made this South Shore town of 2,300 a UNESCO World Heritage Site. A circle of black-granite pillars, configured as a compass rose, bears the names of hundreds of local sailors and fishermen who have perished at sea since 1890. *Bluenose* is listed among the close to ninety vessels sunk over the years, and forty more are recorded as lost with all hands.

"It was a brutal way of life," said de Villiers. The crewmen of Grand Banks schooners fished cod from small dories, often in "weather that was very close to suicidal [and] an awful lot of people lost their lives." It was a romantic way of life "to the people on shore, not so much for the fishermen."

On a hot afternoon in the summer of 2011, the clink of metal on metal filled the air as workmen armed with sledgehammers pounded twenty-centimetre spikes into the undersides of *Bluenose II*. They toiled beneath a circus-sized canopy on the Lunenburg waterfront, a stone's throw from the shipyard where *Bluenose* and *Bluenose II* were built. While the back-breaking work of attaching planks to ribs has changed little since the 1920s, the schooner taking shape above these shipwrights' heads incorporates the latest building techniques.


MARK DOUCETTE

Below: The refurbished *Bluenose II's* interior sheathing begins to take shape.

"You could call it more of a hybrid method of construction," said the Lunenburg Shipyard Alliance's Alan Hutchinson. "We're mixing traditional materials with more modern methods."

And that meant a massive restoration with a price tag of more than sixteen million dollars that took almost an extra year to complete. *Bluenose II's* entire hull and deck had to be scrapped and built anew, using durable tropical hardwoods. Gerald Zwicker and his co-workers used local oak, pine, and spruce to build the replica a half century ago, but those materials have a limited lifespan; *Bluenose II* had already undergone two major refits that saw as much as three quarters of the hull planking replaced.

The planks muscled into place to form the outer hull this time around are angelique from Suriname in South America. "They're naturally resistant to rot and decay, very dense, very hard," Hutchinson explained. The planks contain resins that repel marine organisms that bore into other woods. The ribs and deck beams were formed from thin strips of angelique and iroko — another tough wood from the west coast of Africa — glued together with epoxy to create framing components that, for their weight, are many times stronger than steel. The woods are so hard that the shipyard went through $10,000 worth of band saw blades as it cut the strips for laminating.

"The designer's mandate was to design a boat that would not hog or need a major refit for at least fifty years," noted Hutchinson, who's confident the rebuilt *Bluenose II* will easily outlive its namesake. Steel brackets known as hanging or lodging knees reinforce the beams. Layers of laminated Douglas fir cover the inside of the hull to add more strength. "We've had naval architects tour this and they think that it could be an icebreaker, it's built so strong."

Transport Canada approved reuse of the existing name and hull number despite the extensive overhaul, but that has not stopped jokesters from dubbing the vessel "Bluenose Two-and-a-Half." Many components of the original have been salvaged for reuse, including the towering twin masts, the rigging and sails, deck housings, about eighteen tonnes of lead ingots used as ballast in the keel, and walnut and mahogany trim in the cabins.

The shipyard's biggest challenge was bringing the vessel up to modern construction and safety standards — a goal reinforced by the sinking of the Canadian tall ship *Concordia* off Brazil in 2010 and the loss of the *Bounty* replica. "Because she carries passengers on day sails, we wanted to make sure she was as safe as possible," said Bill Greenlaw, the provincial official overseeing the project. The refurbished *Bluenose II* meets strict American Bureau of Shipping standards that require everything from new portholes and a metal rudder to replace the old wooden one to updated electronic gear and watertight doors between compartments.

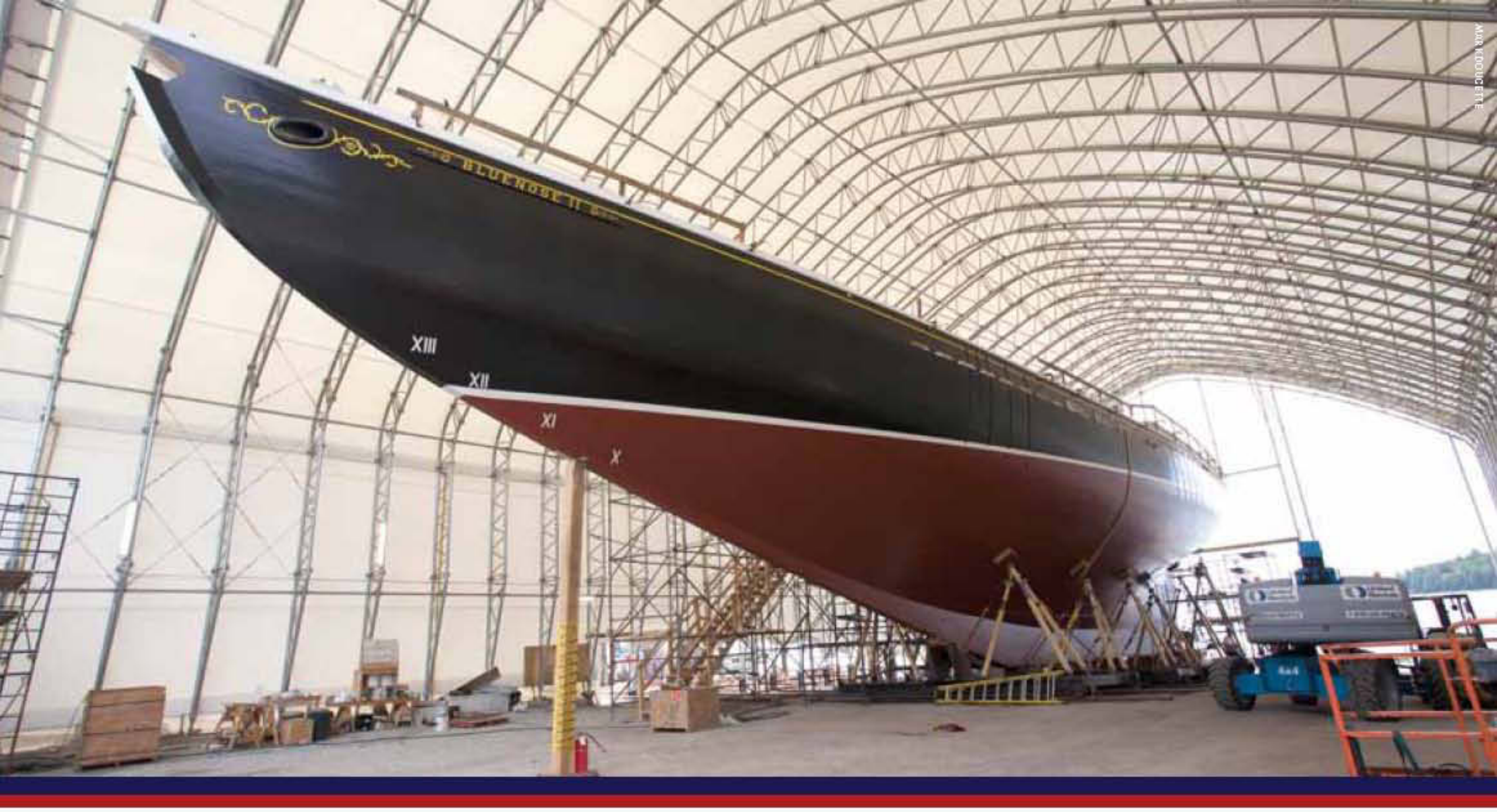
It also looks more like the original *Bluenose*. The Oland-built boat was not an exact replica — it was more "yachty in appearance," Hutchinson pointed out. Much of the varnished woodwork found above deck on the old *Bluenose II*, for instance, has been painted over, as it would have been on a fishing schooner.

For the new generation of craftsmen given the task of recreating *Bluenose II*, the project was a chance to preserve history while showcasing Nova Scotia's ability to build everything from custom yachts to the modern warships and Arctic patrol vessels soon to take shape at the Irving Shipbuilding yard in Halifax.

And the world was watching. Over the past two summers, an estimated fifty thousand people visited the Lunenburg shipyard for a glimpse of the vessel under construction. Webcams set up to record the work as it progressed attracted more than two million hits.

"It's kind of a dream job, getting to do a restoration on *Bluenose*," Hutchinson said. "We all carry her in our pockets, right?"

On the last Saturday of September 2012, under a grey sky, the restored *Bluenose II* was slowly lowered into Lunenburg harbour and floated free of its cradle.


MARK DOUCETTE

The work was far from complete — the interior would be finished, and masts and rigging added, over the winter, with sea trials scheduled for June — but an icon was once again in the water.

Thousands of spectators lined the wharves, raincoats and umbrellas their defence against the drizzle. A brass band played. A flotilla of small boats sounded horns to greet the return of an old friend. "She's back. And isn't she beautiful," a voice boomed through a loudspeaker. "Nova Scotia's heritage," Premier Darrell Dexter told the crowd, "is, and always has been, defined by the sea."

Among those watching was Charles Tanner, who sailed on the original schooner in the 1930s. Wearing a black ball cap with a *Bluenose* crest to shield his weathered face, the ninety-two-year-old told reporters covering the event, "It's nice to see this happening. For the younger people, it's really something to look at."

The restoration ensures Canadians will have a real schooner to look at — not just an image stamped on a dime — for decades to come. Prime Minister Stephen Harper has hailed *Bluenose II* as "a truly national Canadian treasure" with a name recognized around the world. "Mention *Bluenose* in London, New York, Tokyo, and people immediately think of a ship like that, graceful, elegant, the fastest of her kind," Harper said in 2010 when his government contributed $4.9 million to the refit.

The vessel will be admired much closer to home. While the strengthened hull and safety upgrades make an Atlantic crossing possible, Greenlaw says the vessel will make most of its voyages along the East Coast, south to Bermuda, and into the Great Lakes. Wherever it ventures, the crew will gather around a table crafted from wood and stone collected from every province and territory, cementing its status as Canada's sailing ambassador.

Plans for the 2013 sailing season call for stops in Halifax and smaller communities within the province, with a side trip to Gloucester, home of its namesake's racing rivals. Long before the vessel was back in the water, the province was fielding requests for it to appear at the 2015 Pan American Games in Toronto and other events. "Everyone's interested in having *Bluenose* on their waterfront," said Greenlaw.

Angus Walters tried in vain to keep the original *Bluenose* afloat but lived to sail on the maiden voyage of *Bluenose II*. Captain Wayne Walters, who carries on the family tradition as *Bluenose II*'s director of operations, has been asked what his grandfather might have thought of the rebuilding effort.

His reply? "I can say with confidence it would be, 'I am proud of you all.'"

Above: The new *Bluenose II* with a fresh coat of paint.

Below: A woman photographs the old *Bluenose II* as it sails next to the *Thomas E. Lannon* at the 24th annual Gloucester Schooner Festival off Gloucester, Massachusetts, in August 2008. This version of the *Bluenose* last sailed on September 30, 2009.

AP PHOTO/LISA POOLE

DREAMS IN THE DUST

As an ocean-going vessel took shape on a Saskatchewan farm during the Great Depression, it was clear that its builder was either a genius or a madman.

by Rick Book

There she was, red hull mounted on white keel, rising above the prairie grass of rural Saskatchewan. The thirteen-metre-long *Sontiainen* never sailed beyond one farmer's imagination. She was a prairie dust ship, a strange reminder of the madness that ran rampant during the Great Depression.

Inset: Farmer and boat builder Tom Sukanen in an undated photo.

TED BARRIS COLLECTION COURTESY OF SUKANEN SHIP PIONEER VILLAGE & MUSEUM

Pictures of the *Sontiainen* were in our family photograph albums. Dad had seen the ship, had met the huge Finlander, Tom Sukanen, who'd built her. On a cool fall Sunday in 1938, a bunch of farm kids hopped in a truck and drove to see this fantastic thing growing on the prairie. Dad, just fourteen, the youngest of the group, took photographs of the hull and keel with grandpa's Kodak box camera.

It was such an unlikely idea, an ocean-going sail and steam ship, built amidst the dust and despair of the dirty thirties, thousands of kilometres from the nearest salt water. The ship took shape near Macrorie, a tiny village located midway between Swift Current and Saskatoon. Dad never tired of telling us the story. He believed in Sukanen's dream of sailing the ship across the ocean. Dad believed Sukanen might have done it — if only. Hope dies hard in the West.

When Dad visited the boat, the Great Depression was drawing to a close and the Prairie provinces were nearing the end of a ten-year drought that had devastated the land. There had been no decent crops. Even when a little rain fell and wheat came up, grasshoppers quickly devoured it — or the grain was felled by a wheat rust fungus and had to be plowed under. But mostly there was no rain, only wind. The hot, dry wind blew day and night, carrying off great black clouds of topsoil. My aunt Mabel remembers waking up in the morning and finding the patchwork quilt she was sleeping under had turned one uniform colour — grey.

No one had money. Mom tells a story about my Norwegian grandmother who, after turning her house upside

ILLUSTRATION BY MATHILDE CINQ-MARS

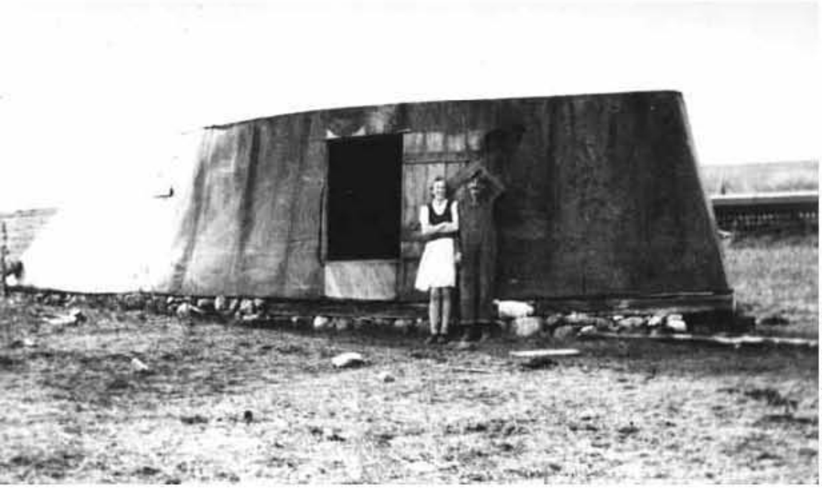
Top: Two people stand next to the hull of the *Sontiainen*, which was being used as a granary in the 1940s.

Bottom: Unidentified people pose with Tom Sukenen's farm home, circa 1940s.

down, still couldn't find three pennies to buy thread from a travelling salesman. Husbands and sons left home to find jobs. My dad's cousin Pat got hurt felling trees up north. No longer able to work, he hopped a freight train south, avoided the railway bulls — as the rail police were called in those days — and slept under a bridge in Saskatoon. He came home hollow-eyed and hungry, just as broke as when he left. When all hope ran out, some farmers simply walked out to their barns, slung a piece of rope over a beam, and hanged themselves. Wives were afraid to go looking for them.

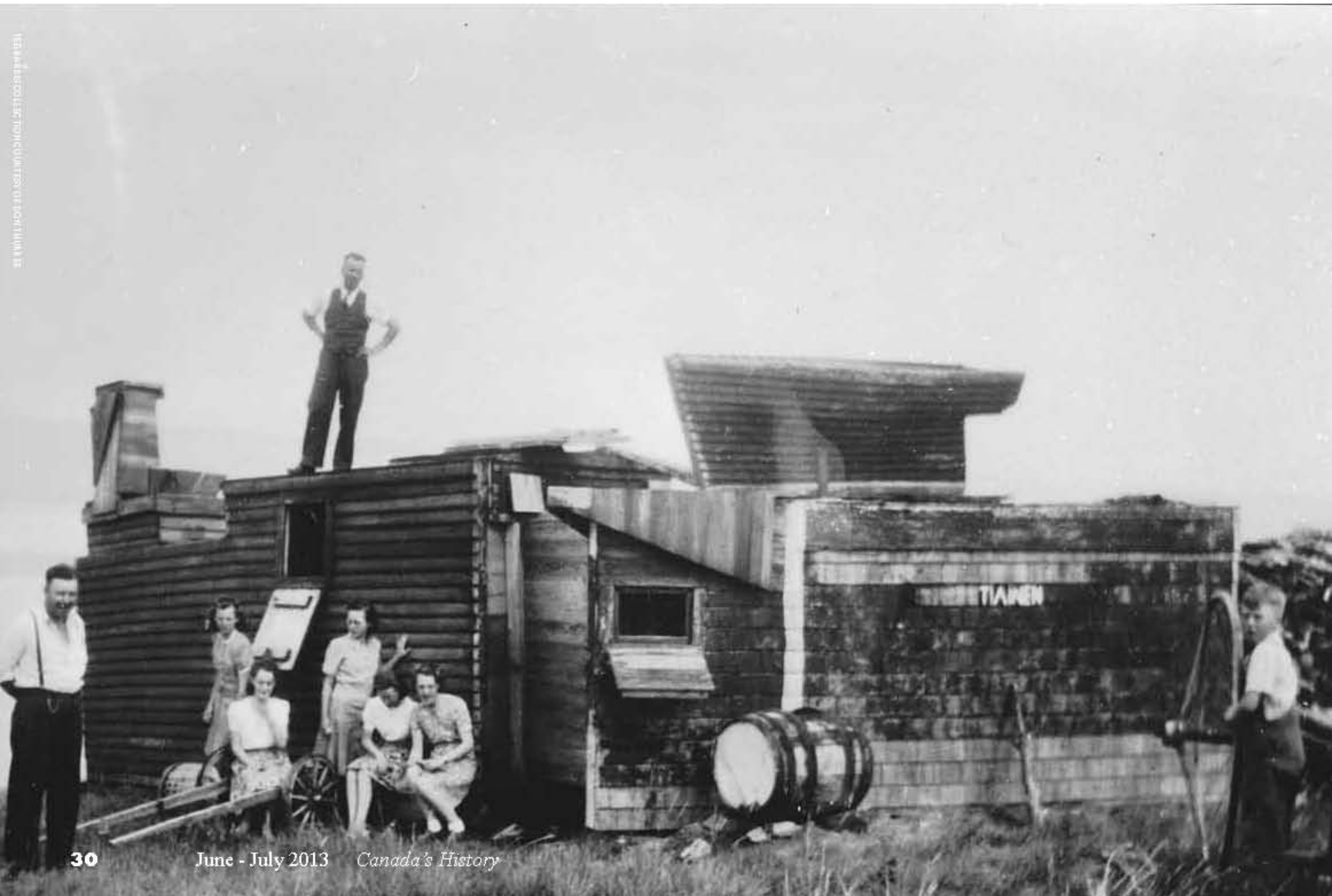
In the midst of all this misery was Tom Sukanen. That crazy Finn, they called him. He had started to build a boat! It would have been funny if things hadn't been so desperate. Impoverished farm families were piling everything they owned into wagons and slinking off for greener pastures further west, but this man was spending good money shipping in material from afar for his crazy project — huge flat sheets of steel, stout beams, boxes of nails, bags of bolts. He's building an ark, they laughed. It's going to rain forty days and forty nights, they joked. Where'd this Noah get the money? What a damn fool waste.

The fact that he had decided to build the ship twenty-six kilometres from the nearest body of water — the South Saskatchewan River — did not help. The nearest ocean was at least a thousand kilometres away. Yet he held on to his dream — his crazy, impossible, mad, beautiful dream — to build a steamship and sail her home to Finland.



SASKATCHEWAN ARCHIVES BOARD

Damianus (Tom) Sukanen was born in 1878 in the village of Kurjenkylä, Finland. He grew to be five feet, ten inches tall. He was barrel-chested, broad-shouldered, and possessed immense strength. He trained and worked as a shipwright. In 1906, he married Sanna Liisa Rintala. Soon after, he sailed to America with thousands of other Finns, leaving behind his pregnant wife. Family members say this was to avoid being drafted into the Russian army, as Finland was controlled by Russia at the time. A year later, his wife and baby daughter joined him in America. They went to Biwabik in eastern Minnesota, where it's believed Sukanen had found work in the area's rich iron



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ore mines.

According to family members, Sukanen may have been involved in union organizing at the mine. By 1910, the couple had a boy and three girls, including a new baby girl. One night, their house burned down. They all escaped, but one daughter bore scars from her burns for the rest of her life. Some in the family suspected arson, a result of Tom's union activities.

On March 31, 1911, an article in the *Biwabik Times* reported that Sukanen's wife was sent by court order to Duluth for an assessment of her mental condition. The article was headlined, "Mrs. Sukkanen [sic] Demented. Deserted By Husband, She Is Losing Her Mind," and stated that "Mrs. Sukkanen has been acting very peculiarly for some time" and had not been taking care of her two-month-old daughter. The same article also said Tom Sukanen had recently spent ninety days in jail for failing to support his wife and children and had told the court at his trial that he would spend the rest of his life in prison before supporting his family. "He is also said to be mentally unbalanced," stated the newspaper.

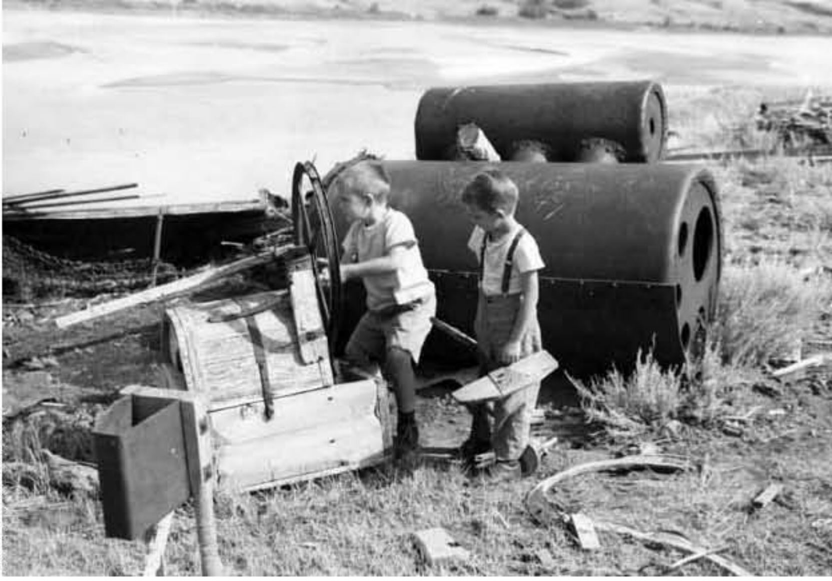
Sukanen abruptly left Biwabik that year and headed to Canada, where his brother Svante farmed in Saskatchewan and where the government was still giving away land. Incredibly, he walked all the way — about fourteen hundred kilometres. According to family members, he arrived at his brother's farm near the villages of Macrorie and Birsay with just twenty-eight cents in his pocket. His feet were a mess.

Meanwhile, Sukanen's wife, known then as Ida, ended up in a mental hospital at Fergus Falls, Minnesota. Relatives say she suffered from depression, was closed up, and wouldn't speak to anyone in the asylum. Occasionally she would surprise people by playing the piano. With both parents gone, the children were taken away and put up for adoption; the two oldest girls went to one family while the youngest daughter and son went to another.

After homesteading in Saskatchewan for a while, Sukanen went back to Minnesota for his family. But his wife either refused to come or was too ill. He went to court to get his children back, but the court rejected his request. Sukanen went home alone. A few years later, Sukanen returned to Biwabik and discovered that his wife had died in the mental hospital in 1914. The story goes that he found his son, Taivo, and tried to bring him back but got caught near the Canada-U.S. border. Again Sukanen returned by himself.

Sukanen may have been bereft, but he was not a loner in those days. On the contrary, he was an active member of his new Canadian community. He went to social gatherings and meetings in the Finnish community hall. Before the Depression hit, his farm did well. He had good crops, livestock, and, according to local gossip, as much as nine thousand dollars in the bank — a fortune in those days.

He was renowned for his mechanical ability. "His thumb was not in the middle of his palm" is the droll way Finns describe someone like Sukanen, who apparently had the skill to build anything. But it's difficult to separate the facts from the myths when it comes to Sukanen's legendary skills. There still exists a handmade tricycle that he is believed to have built for himself. It's said he built a small wooden threshing machine, a sewing machine, a wheat-puffing machine, and a violin (that he knew how to play).



SASKATCHEWAN ARCHIVES BOARD

Children play with the remains of the *Sontiainen*, circa 1940s.

But not everyone believed those stories. One summer day, Dad and I went to visit Tom's nephew Elmer Sukanen and his wife, Helen, on their farm near Lucky Lake, not far from Macrorie. Elmer (now deceased) doubted many of the stories told about his uncle.

More importantly, he didn't believe that Sukanen was mad, or that the idea of building the boat was crazy or even foolish. It's the Finns' way, he said. We might get it into our heads to build something just for the fun of it. The boat was just his uncle's eccentric, fantastic project. A Finn would understand, Elmer Sukanen insisted.

Local people thought Tom Sukanen was crazy to think he could sail his ship down the South Saskatchewan River. But Sukanen didn't plan on sailing down the river. That's why he built his keel and hull in two sections. His plan was to put the deck cabins on a raft, mount his old car engine on the raft with a propeller, and pull the watertight keel and hull on their sides behind him.

The story goes that Sukanen disappeared one summer while planning his ship; he's said to have travelled by rowboat on the South Saskatchewan to help chart his route to the sea. His plan was to ride the current downstream past Saskatoon, join the North Saskatchewan River at Prince Albert, follow it east into Manitoba to Cedar Lake and across Lake Winnipeg, then travel northeast down the Nelson River to Hudson Bay. There, Sukanen would bolt the keel, hull, and cabins together on their sides, stuff his keel full of rocks for ballast, and right his ship in the salty water.

Both Elmer Sukanen and a neighbour, Victor Markkula, thought Sukanen intended to install a mast and sail as well. So he would either hoist canvas or fire up his boiler, and sail around the northern tip of Quebec — the Ungava Peninsula — pass Baffin Island on his port side, head east to the tip of Greenland, then on toward Iceland and Scotland, the North Sea, and finally home. Sukanen must have imagined the scene during those stormy winter nights on the prairie, seeing himself at the helm of his ship, a Finlander arriving home in the port of Helsinki.

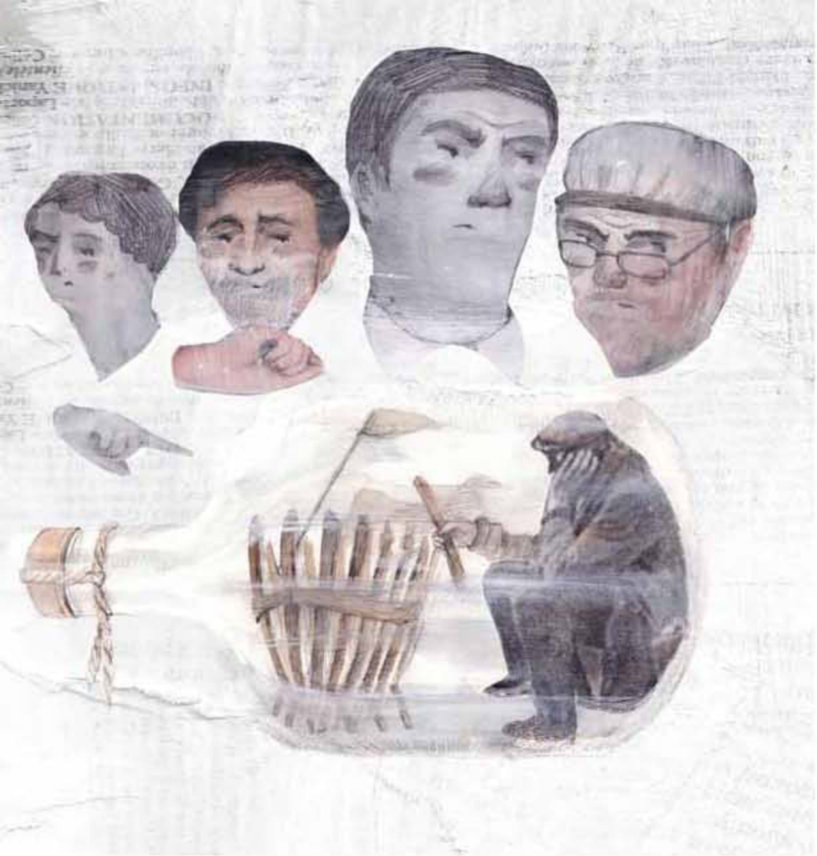


ILLUSTRATION BY MATHILDE CINQ-MARS

Top: An illustration represents Tom Sukanen's isolation as he pursues his dream of building a ship to take him home to Finland.

Bottom: Actor Don Wood portrays Tom Sukanen in a still from the 2009 movie *Sisu: The Death of Tom Sukanen.*

What Sukanen probably didn't realize — or acknowledge — was that his flotilla would never have made it to Lake Winnipeg; it would have been ripped apart by any number of rapids on the Saskatchewan River, including a 6.4-kilometre stretch of frothing white water at Grand Rapids, Manitoba — now the site of a hydroelectric dam. If Sukanen had traced that route in his rowboat as the story suggests, it's doubtful he ever would have started building his boat. Unless, of course he was mad. Or if his ship was one big stick in the eye of a Depression-crazed world.

When Sukanen started building his boat, he went from being admired as a good farmer and mechanical genius to being despised, feared and finally, shunned. After he tore apart his barn, his granaries, and then his house for lumber, he moved into the hull of his ship. He installed a small coal-wood stove for cooking and heat and transformed from an eccentric into a recluse. He stopped looking after himself; he lived on handfuls of wheat and rotting horsemeat.

One of the photographs Dad took on the day of his visit in 1938 was of a dead horse under a cowhide on the deck of Tom's ship. You can see two front hooves, leg bones sticking out from under the cowhide. Dad wondered how he'd managed to haul the thing up there. A dead draft horse, starved or not, must have weighed five hundred kilograms or more. I remember the admiration in Dad's voice.

Sukanen was famous for his strength as well as for his ingenuity. In the early days of his project, when the sheets of flat steel began to arrive at the railway station in Macrorie, Sukanen loaded them onto his horse-drawn wagon by himself, heaving a single sheet that would take two or three ordinary men to move. Later, when Sukanen began working on his boilers, he wielded a sawed-off sledgehammer in each hand and pounded the flat sheets day and night until they succumbed and curled into cylindrical steam boilers. The incessant ringing rolled across the countryside, disturbing the neighbours from early morning till late at night.

It took Sukanen about seven years to build the boat. Eventually he stopped farming, but then so had everyone around him. His tools were rudimentary: Besides the sawed-off sledgehammers, he had an anvil, a forge, a hand drill, a few metal bits, a wood saw, and a hacksaw. With these items, he built a ship. He built the hull and keel separately. The hull was 13.1 metres long and three metres high with a 2.7-metre beam. The keel was 9.1 metres long at the waterline and 2.7 metres deep. He built his own forge. After he fashioned the boiler, Sukanen made steam cylinders and pistons the same way — with brute force.

He used a hand drill and hacksaw blade with a rag for a handle to cut round holes for pipes in the half-inch metal. He cut gears and sharp-toothed sprockets. He cut up steel rods and heated and hammered them into a chain, one link at a time. When his teeth fell out, he made himself another set out of iron, or so they say.

When the ship was almost ready, Sukanen built two small cabins to be mounted on the deck, fore and aft — one was to be the wheelhouse near the bow; the other his sleeping quarters at the stern. They were clad with corrugated metal and were triangular in shape. To protect his ship from battering waves and ice, Sukanen wired tin ceiling plates together, nailed them onto his keel, then painted them in horse blood according to a homeland tradition. He named his boat ***Sontiainen***, a Finnish word that means "dung beetle," perhaps a wry Sukanen joke.

Around 1938, Sukanen started trying to move the hull and keel to the river. The day Dad and the boys came along, the hull and keel were away from Sukanen's valley farmstead and sitting on the flat prairie. Sukanen had a set of iron wheels under one end of the hull and a dozen fence posts. But his horses had starved and died one by one during the ship's building. Eventually, he was down to one horse and made only a few metres or so a day. In the end, he tried to drag his ship by himself using a winch tied to a post in the ground — a doomed captain at his mast.

By this time Sukanen was in bad shape. His famous strength was gone. He was close to starving. He was miserable, sullen, and filthy, too. The myth said there was nothing

ANDREW J. SCHLESSEL

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Sukanen couldn't do, but he could not ask for help. He was too proud. None came and none was offered. Wilf Markkula, son of Victor Markkula, one of Sukanen's closest neighbours, says his father could have pulled the boat down to the river in a day with his tractor. But Wilf says his dad, perhaps only half jokingly, said he was afraid people would have thought he was crazy, too, if he'd helped. In the end, the hull and keel travelled only 4.8 kilometres.

Finally, in 1939, after many complaints, the RCMP reluctantly stepped in. Constable Bert Fisk drove out with Sukanen's brother Svante and nephew Elmer. When they found him, he was so weak that he had to be helped to his feet. With tenderness and respect, the constable put him into the front seat of his car and drove him to the mental hospital in North Battleford, Saskatchewan. Sukanen was then sixty-one years old.

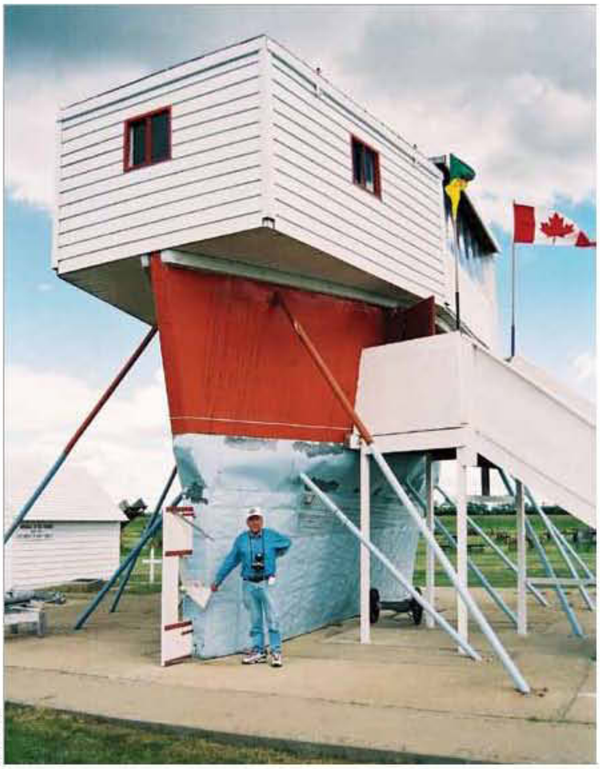
While he was in hospital, someone looted and vandalized his ship, stole his tools, and scattered his gear across the prairie. Victor Markkula tried to hide the fact from Sukanen, but one day another visitor let the truth slip out. That's when Tom's dream finally ended. He was a broken man when he died at the hospital in 1943. Both husband and wife ended their lives in asylums, twenty-nine years apart.

The story did not die, however. Far from it. A farmer named Laurence "Moon" Mullin heard about Sukanen and his ship and tracked down the hull and keel. He found them in Markkula's farmyard, where they had been hauled for safe-keeping — they were being used to store wheat and house chickens. Dad and I went to visit Mullin and his wife, Hazel, at their home in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. Mullin, an exuberant storyteller, told us how he'd been caught up in the spirit of Sukanen's dream. He'd retired, sold his farm, and dedicated the rest of his life to salvaging the boat and turning her into a monument.

Mullin, his wife, and others raised money and hired a moving company to haul the hull and keel, donated by the Markkula family, to a rural museum just outside of Moose Jaw. There, they put them together for the first time. Mullen even had Sukanen's body exhumed and brought down from North Battleford to be reburied beside his ship. They had a commissioning ceremony with bagpipes and speeches.

Sukanen's story is well-known across the prairies. It's been the subject of countless newspaper articles, radio and television reports, a chapter in a book about prairie steamboats, a play, a musical, a novel, a documentary, and a screenplay. In 2009, an art film, ***Sisu: The Death of Tom Sukanen***, written and produced by Chrystene Ells, premiered at the Montreal World Film Festival. And in 2012 a feature film shot in Manitoba, ***Mad Ship***, featured a mad Norwegian farmer and was based loosely on the Sukanen story.

After visiting with the Mullins, Dad and I went to see the ***Sontiainen*** at the Sukanen Ship Pioneer Village and Museum not far outside of Moose Jaw. It was a beautiful sunny day. There she was, assembled, hull mounted on keel, bow rising up just the way Sukanen must have dreamed. The triangular cabins Sukanen had built were long gone. But Mullin and his crew had built some rectangular cabins that looked more


RICK BOOK

RICK BOOK

RICK BOOK

Top: The author's father, Don Book, with the reconstructed *Sontiainen* at the Sukanen Ship Pioneer Village and Museum south of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

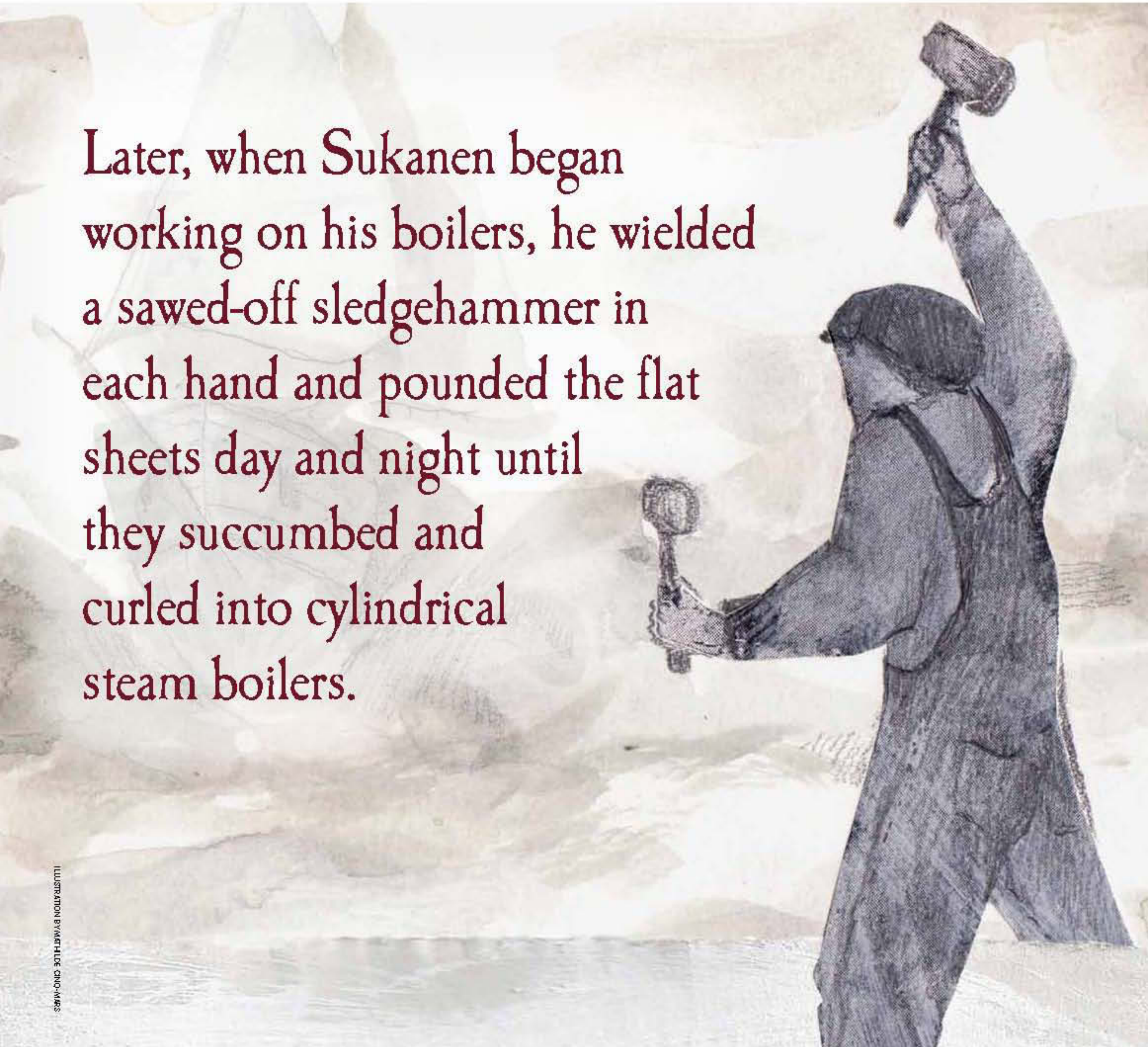
Centre: The interior of the cabin of the museum's ship.

Bottom: The end of a homemade piston on the *Sontiainen*.

like chicken coops and had bolted them to the deck with their square corners hanging out over the gunwales. One good wave would have taken care of them, but I suspect they were designed to accommodate tourists rather than a solitary sailor.

The boilers Sukanen so laboriously made are thought to have disappeared long ago beneath the rising waters of Lake Diefenbaker when the South Saskatchewan River was dammed in the 1950s and 1960s. However, the pistons and cylinders Sukanen built were lying in the grass beside the boat, spray-painted silver. One thing struck both Dad and me: They were rough and crude. It seemed unlikely that they would have made even one revolution, never mind a transatlantic crossing. Still, we marvelled at the workmanship. Dad was especially happy to be on board this thing that had been such an iconic part of his childhood.

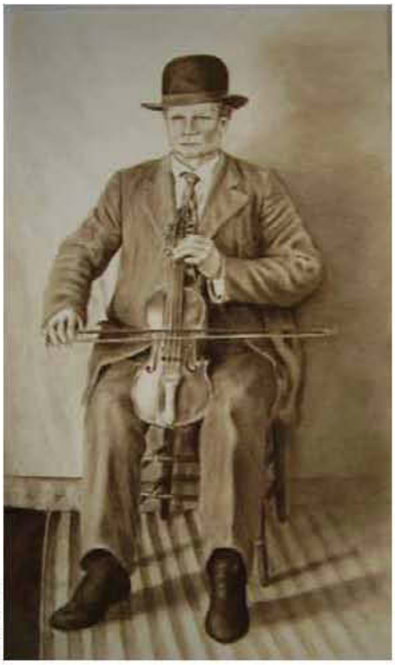
Inside the ship there was a single photograph of Sukanen looking all square-jawed and handsome, the photographer unknown. There were artifacts Mullin had rounded up, such as handmade metal gears, a chain of rough hand-forged links, and a tricycle Elmer Sukanen remembered riding. Up in the forward cabin, there were the remnants of the chronometer Sukanen is said to have carved. But it, too, seemed an instrument unlikely to keep time accurately enough to chart a position on the tossing North Atlantic.



Later, when Sukanen began working on his boilers, he wielded a sawed-off sledgehammer in each hand and pounded the flat sheets day and night until they succumbed and curled into cylindrical steam boilers.

ILLUSTRATION BY MATHILDE CINQ-MARS

There remains a gaping hole in the Sukanen legend, a tantalizing, maddening piece of the puzzle that's missing. No one knows for sure why he felt the need to build a boat to get home to Finland. Instead of spending money on sheets of steel and lumber, he certainly could have bought a train ticket to Montreal or New York and sailed home on a proper ship. Elmer Sukanen's explanations of his uncle's reasons changed over the years. He told one writer that Tom Sukanen had promised his mother he would be a success in America and that one day he would build a ship and return to Finland to get her. Some speculate that Sukanen, like so many immigrants, simply wanted to come home in heroic style, proving that he had made it in the New World. But to many people, this dust-covered, flatland Sisyphus had given himself such an impossible task that there can be only one reason for this extraordinary folly — an exquisite madness.


NINA PEACOCK

Centre: Tom Sukanen plays his violin in an illustration created by his granddaughter, Nina Peacock.

Dad passed away in 2010. I never did ask him if he thought Sukanen was crazy. In those days, in a world half mad with poverty and starvation and gloom, there was a fine line between sanity and the dark side. Besides, Dad often said you had to be crazy to farm in Saskatchewan, anyway.

In the end, it doesn't matter whether Sukanen was crazy or not. People view his stubbornness, his undisputed ability, and his independence with pride. For Western Canadians in particular, Sukanen's ship is a totem of sorts, a symbol of the strength, resilience, work ethic, and, sometimes, madness it took to survive and prosper in this often harsh landscape. To others, there was romance in Sukanen's outlandish dream.

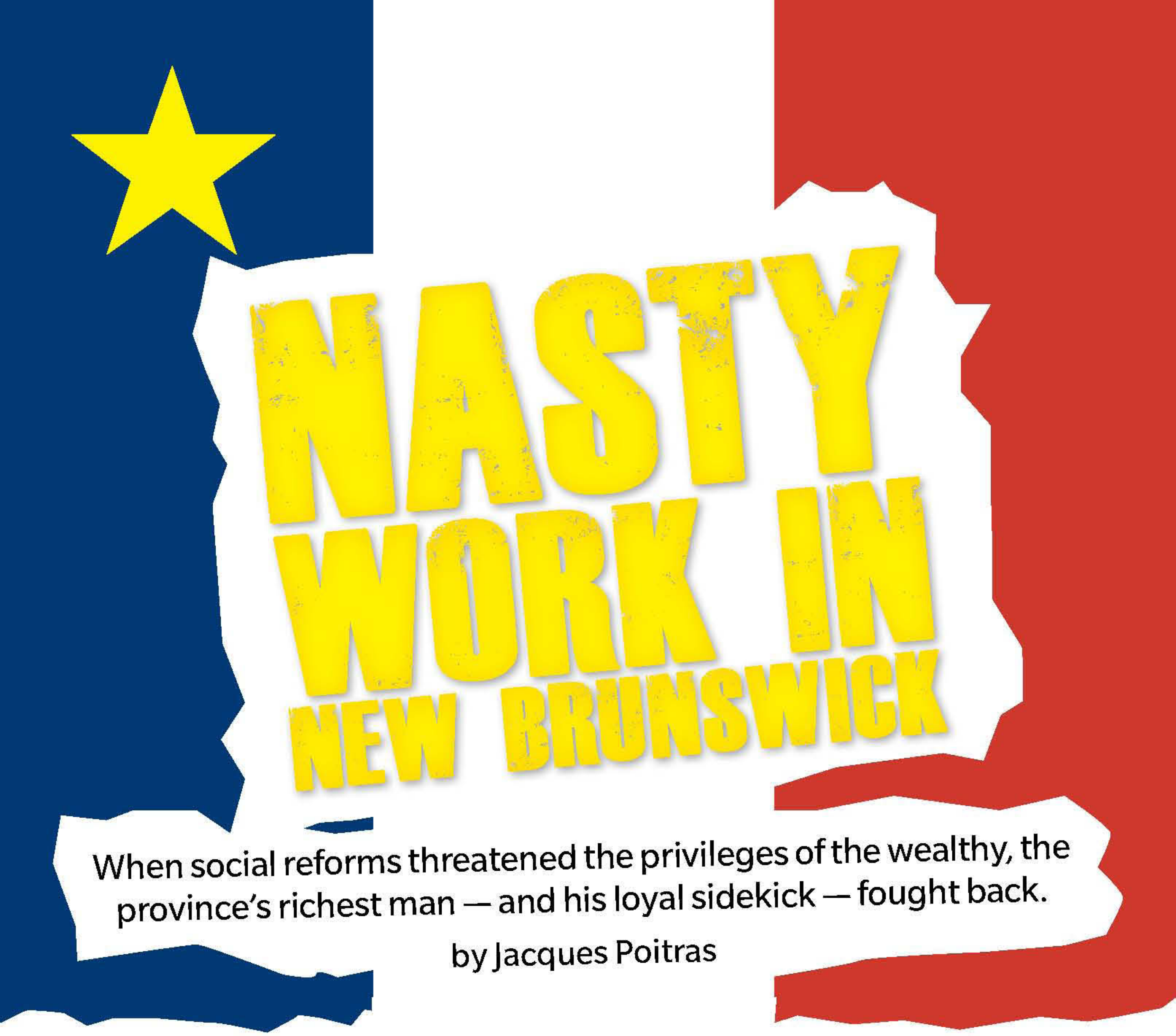
To Finns, the story of Sukanen is simply the embodiment of their national spirit — in a word: *sisu*. There is no English equivalent, but it speaks of a tenacious inner strength — guts, will, and perseverance, more than fleeting courage — which sustains Finns as they pursue a heartfelt goal in the face of overwhelming adversity. That's why Chrystene Ells chose the word as the title of her film about Sukanen. "What is defeat?" she asks. "Defeat is not failure; it's when you don't follow your heart. Sukanen followed his heart."

Dad would have agreed with that. He had great respect for people like Sukanen, who travelled to the beat of their own drum. As another of his prairie heroes, Tommy Douglas, once said, "Dream no small dreams."

Perhaps this is why Sukanen continues to fascinate people some seven decades later, why his story earns pride of place among pioneers — those stoic, skilled, resolute men and women who sailed here first, dreamed crazy dreams, and made everything possible.

ANDREW J. SCHLUSSEL

Below: Actor Don Wood as Tom Sukanen, flanked by neighbours and relatives, in a still from the movie *Sisu: The Death of Tom Sukanen*.



NASTY WORK IN NEW BRUNSWICK

When social reforms threatened the privileges of the wealthy, the province's richest man — and his loyal sidekick — fought back.

by Jacques Poitras

The future was not looking good for Louis Robichaud, New Brunswick's first elected Acadian premier, as he sought in 1967 to win election for a third term. K.C. Irving, the province's wealthiest industrialist, was opposed to his re-election. Irving's aim was to unseat "Little Louis" and his ambitious program of social reform.

Interestingly, the location Robichaud chose as his final campaign stop happened to be Irving's hometown. Bouctouche was a village in Robichaud's coastal francophone riding. And it was there that Robichaud, tired and worn down after a gruelling election fight, stood up on a Saturday night to make his final campaign pitch.

Speaking to a partisan crowd of two thousand cheering Liberals, Robichaud, who had turned forty-one a day earlier, articulated the real issue at the heart of the campaign: "This man, who had his home not far from here, this man wants to run the province," he roared, referring to Irving. "Well, if he wants to run the province, let him, like me, present himself before the people and seek election. That's democracy."

It was widely suspected that Irving was quietly bankrolling Robichaud's main opponent, Conservative Leader Charles Van Horne. While Van Horne knew better than to say he would dismantle Robichaud's reforms — there were too many rural voters who had decided they liked the idea of improved schools and other services — few doubted that Irving would call on Van Horne to roll back any legislation that affected concessions on local tax rates granted to Irving's companies.

But while Irving was indeed the most prominent of Robichaud's foes in the 1967 election, the nastiest and most colourful opponent was Irving's surrogate, Michael Wardell, owner of the *Fredericton Gleaner*. The *Gleaner* was the only non-Irving English daily in the province, although Irving did hold a minority share in it.

Wardell used the *Gleaner* to give voice to an anti-Acadian

CP PHOTO/COURTESY CHUCK MITCHELL

New Brunswick Premier Louis Robichaud speaks out on minority language rights during a federal-provincial constitutional conference in 1969.

backlash in his bid to defeat Robichaud. To this day, francophones in New Brunswick speak of Wardell as the personification of bigotry, but few know the story of this unique character.

Wardell was the scion of a British aristocratic family and a soldier in the Great War. He learned the art of newspaper crusading from his patron, Lord Beaverbrook, the Fleet Street baron who had grown up in New Brunswick. As a confidant of Edward the Prince of Wales (who became King Edward VIII) during the latter's courtship of Wallis Simpson, Wardell moved in the same circles of influence as Beaverbrook, who gave him a job at the *London Evening Standard* in 1925. He was once described as having "long, thin forearms the colour of milk" and "a face of utter mystery," though women found him dashing and handsome.

In 1950, Beaverbrook persuaded Wardell to go into the newspaper business in New Brunswick, where the press baron was using his fortune to build educational and cultural facilities. One biography reports that Beaverbrook orchestrated the move because several executives at the *London Daily Express*, where Wardell had landed after the war, had threatened to quit if he was not removed.

"I had the feeling he just brought him over here for amusement," said Jackie Webster, a veteran Fredericton journalist who knew both men — "someone to pal around with whenever he was in town." It was not, however, a relationship of equals. For instance, Beaverbrook made a point of always calling Wardell "captain," even though he had earned the rank of brigadier when he re-enlisted for the Second World War.

Wardell's aristocratic bearing and his eye patch, forced on him by a fox-hunting accident, impressed Fredericton's power brokers, who treated Beaverbrook like royalty. But Wardell was little more than a glorified errand boy, supervising repairs to the press baron's Fredericton home or travelling to Newcastle, where Beaverbrook grew up, to check on the town hall being paid for by his patron. Most importantly to Beaverbrook, Wardell monitored progress on the art gallery he was building across the street from the legislature.

Wardell and Beaverbrook were accustomed to deference from New Brunswick's premiers. For instance, when Liberal Premier John McNair was in office (1940–1952), he put one of his loyal assistants at Beaverbrook's disposal. When the assistant complained, McNair replied, "We must remember the greatness of the man." Conservative Premier Hugh John Flemming, who defeated McNair in 1952, had been equally star-struck by Beaverbrook. Wardell once reported to Beaverbrook that Flemming was "especially proud of a birthday letter from you: carries it always."

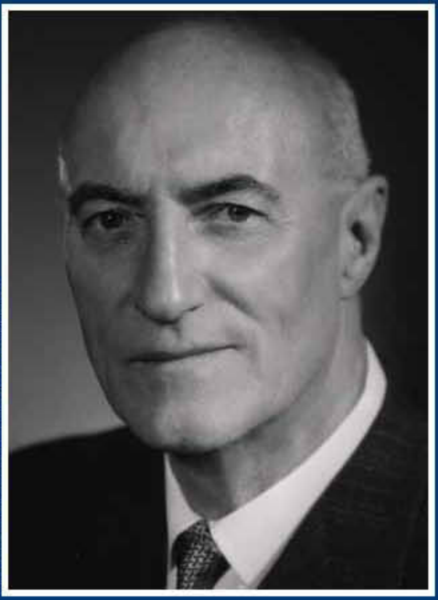
For his part, Robichaud was always courteous to Beaverbrook and grateful for his art gallery and other gifts to the province. But he had no intention of respecting his place in Fredericton's colonial pecking order.

This put him on a collision course with Wardell, who, after Beaverbrook's death in 1964, shifted his loyalties to K.C. Irving. In 1965, Irving, until then a lifelong Liberal, became alarmed by the threat Robichaud's Equal Opportunity Program represented to his interests. Vicious cartoons began

PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES OF NEW BRUNSWICK

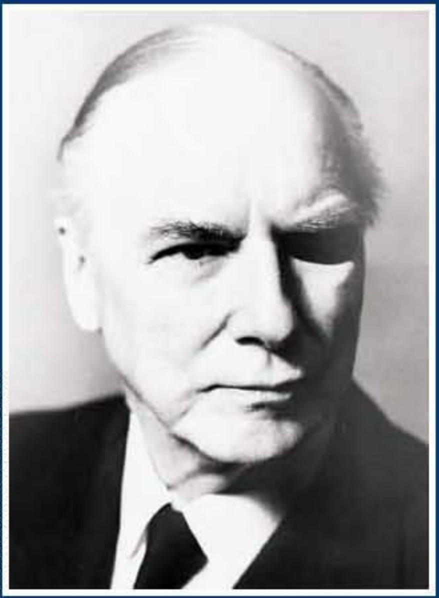
LOUIS ROBICHAUD
ACADIAN REFORMER

Born in 1925 in Saint-Antoine, New Brunswic, Louis Robichaud was educated at Laval University in Quebec City by the great social reform advocate Father Georges-Henri Lévesque. Robichaud was suffused with the same zeal that would drive Quebec's Quiet Revolution. His election as Liberal premier in 1960 at age thirty-four was of great symbolic importance: Other than a caretaker, Peter J. Veniot, who replaced a departing premier and served two years in the 1920s before being ousted at the ballot box, no francophone had ever been New Brunswick premier. Robichaud introduced much-needed reforms, such as bringing public services in rural areas up to the standards of their urban counterparts and giving Acadians equal status with non-Acadians. He was defeated by Richard Hatfield's Conservatives in 1970 and died in 2005.


UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK/BACHRACH PHOTOGRAPHY

KENNETH COLIN IRVING
SIX-BILLION-DOLLAR MAN

Kenneth Colin (K.C.) Irving was born in Bouctouche, New Brunswick, in 1899. He was the son of J.D. Irving, owner of the local sawmill. K.C. started his large business empire with a car dealership and a gasoline bar. In 1924, he began selling his own gasoline under the name Irving Oil Ltd. Irving used profits to buy paper mills, shipbuilding yards, transport trucks, ships, and a railroad. In 1944 he began acquiring newspapers and eventually had an almost complete monopoly over print media in New Brunswick. He also purchased radio and television stations. In 1972, it was revealed Irving had moved to the Bahamas, and later Bermuda, to avoid Canadian taxes, and in 1989 he was made an officer of the Order of Canada. By the time he died in 1992, he was one of the wealthiest men in the world. His three sons took over his business holdings.


UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK ARCHIVES

MICHAEL WARDELL
FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS

Michael Wardell was born into the British aristocracy in 1895 and served in WW1 and WW2, attaining the rank of brigadier general. He joined Beaverbrook newspapers in London in 1925. A British Labour Party leader described Wardell in the 1920s as a "near-supporter" of U.K. fascist leader Oswald Mosley. In 1950, on Lord Beaverbrook's advice, Wardell bought Fredericton's *Daily Gleaner*, two printing firms, and *Atlantic Advocate* magazine. He launched several Beaverbrook-style editorial crusades in the *Gleaner*, but they often spawned resentment. After Beaverbrook's death, he allied himself to K.C. Irving and, through his newspaper, fanned anti-Acadian sentiment against Liberal Premier Louis Robichaud. His efforts backfired, as Robichaud was re-elected. Wardell retired to the United Kingdom in 1971 and died in 1978.

A lobster fisherman pulls in a boat at Cape Brulé, a francophone region in New Brunswick, in this photo taken between 1939 and 1951.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA/RONNY JAQUES

appearing in the *Gleaner* comparing Robichaud to French King Louis XIV. When a Fredericton minister made the baseless allegation — in a sermon, no less — that Robichaud had used his position to amass a fortune of $2 million, the *Gleaner* reported on it, giving the allegation greater currency.

The tension between the government and the *Gleaner* escalated in May of 1965, following an incident at the Beaverbrook-funded Playhouse Theatre in downtown Fredericton. Beaverbrook had left Wardell as the de facto administrator of the facility, which was officially run by a board that included the premier and two of his cabinet ministers. When an event at the theatre turned into a drunken melee, Robichaud accused Wardell of breaching his provincial liquor permit. Wardell thus lost his position as manager of the theatre, which was one of his power bases in Fredericton.

By the time the 1967 campaign began, Robichaud was under siege, not just from the *Gleaner* but from Irving's *Telegraph-Journal* in Saint John. However, Irving's paper never adopted the demagogic tone of Wardell's, which accused Robichaud in one editorial of winning power "by falsehood" and of having "monstrously abused" his "rightful critics."

Wardell's strategy had an unintended effect, however. Prior to the campaign, many francophones had considered voting for the

LIFTING THE RURAL UNDERCLASS

During the century after Confederation, New Brunswick's francophones, who made up roughly one third of the population, lived as an economic and cultural underclass. This was in large part because of New Brunswick's old, patronage-plagued, county-based system of government.

Under that system, uneven local property tax rates had created an economic chasm. The system had allowed industries to play one county or city off the other by shopping around for tax concessions. In the province's wealthier cities, there was ample money for quality public institutions, such as good schools. In poorer rural areas, conditions were abysmal.

Louis Robichaud was determined to end this blight when he was elected premier in 1960 at the age of thirty-four. His Equal Opportunity Program reformed the tax system and made the provincial government responsible for education and other services. This had the effect of levelling the field by lifting the countryside — much of it Acadian — up to the same standard as the cities.

Louis Robichaud is sworn in as New Brunswick's premier in 1960.

PROVINCIAL ARCHIVES OF NEW BRUNSWICK

Tory leader, Van Horne, who had Acadian roots. Instead, they rallied behind Robichaud. They saw him as their champion, someone who would stand up to the powerful and who was a symbol of Acadian modernity. The Liberals swept francophone ridings and held enough key areas in English New Brunswick to squeak back into office with thirty-two of the legislature's fifty-eight seats. The caucus and the cabinet were now majority francophone for the first time.

Thus, on election night, Robichaud was able to savour a remarkable victory. He'd defeated the wealthiest man in the province — and his loyal servant, Michael Wardell. Social reform was saved. The 1967 election passed into history as one of the province's most vicious, memorable, and important.

Grudges die hard in New Brunswick politics. In 1969, an ally of Robichaud, Liberal Senator Charles McElman, revealed in Ottawa that Irving had secretly purchased controlling interest in the *Gleaner* from Wardell six months previously. The revelation prompted a Senate investigation of media ownership, with a focus on Irving's now-complete control of English-language daily newspapers in New Brunswick. Wardell defended Irving zealously, and nothing came of the investigation.

Wardell retired to the United Kingdom in 1971, where he died seven years later. Today, Wardell is remembered in New Brunswick more for his fanning of bigotry and rancour, and not, as he surely would have preferred, for his supporting role in helping Beaverbrook build some of the province's most enduring cultural institutions. Wardell believed he was enriching New Brunswick, but in the end he had been an obstacle to its modernization — an obstacle Louis Robichaud had managed to overcome.

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RESPECTING BOUNDARIES

For more than a century, the International Joint Commission has been quietly resolving disputes between Canada and the United States.

by Nandor F. Dreisziger

If Canadians rarely hear about the International Joint Commission (IJC), it may be because this institution has been quiet yet effective in its job of settling potentially explosive cross-border disputes,

Friction along the Canada-United States border has been commonplace since the outbreak of the American Revolutionary War in 1775. Until the last third of the nineteenth century, disputes were mostly about the actual location of the border. Later, other issues came up, such as international trade and the use of boundary waters for navigation.

These early disputes were usually solved through temporary commissions set up by Great Britain and the United States. Gradually, the makeup of these temporary joint commissions changed to include more Canadian representation — the practice of appointing at least one Canadian public figure started soon after Confederation. The Joint High Commission of 1898–99 had three Canadians among its ten members, including Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier. When that commission failed to resolve the Alaska boundary dispute, the matter was put before an arbitration tribunal that settled the matter in 1903.

The late nineteenth century and turn of the twentieth century saw many new border issues arise as the North American economy expanded. The continent's inland waterways were being utilized at an unprecedented rate. The

MUDDY WATERS

CANADIAN PRESS/CHUCK MITCHELL

Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and U.S. President Richard Nixon discuss the Great Lakes Water Quality Agreement on April 14, 1972.

By 1900, transboundary water pollution from sewage and industrial waste was leading to deadly oubreaks of cholera and typhoid. One of the first jobs the IJC was given when it was formed in 1912 was to investigate the problem. The commission began what was then the largest survey of bacterial pollution. The findings helped communities safeguard public drinking water supplies through chlorination and other measures. Yet, it took several decades for both countries to agree on measures to reduce water pollution. The Great Lakes Water Quality Agreement, first signed in 1972 and last amended in 1987, is designed to restore the lakes' ecological balance.

CLEARING THE AIR

TRAIL SMELTER

TOUCHSTONES NELSON MUSEUM, J. D. SPURWAY

In 1928, sulphur dioxide fumes from a lead and zinc smelter in Trail, British Columbia, were toxic enough to kill trees and crops in northeastern Washington state. The IJC recommended remedial measures and a formula for payments to cover the damages. The case was significant because it set a precedent in international law and established the "polluter pays" principle.

Above: A nighttime view of the smelter at Trail, British Columbia.

Below: The Ross Dam in Washington.

demand for irrigation in the semi-arid regions of the West and the calls for hydroelectric generation to light the cities of North America's industrial heartland were by-products of this new prosperity.

One source of conflict was the increasing diversion of water from the lakes and rivers along the international boundary. For instance, at Chicago, water needed for the city's sewage system was diverted southward from Lake Michigan into the Mississippi watershed. The diversion threatened to lower water levels in the Great Lakes and impede navigation.

Elsewhere on the Great Lakes, water was being diverted for hydroelectricity generation. Power companies in New York state were applying for licences to channel so much water away from the Niagara River that Niagara Falls was threatened with drying up.

Meanwhile, concerns about a canal and hydroelectricity plant completed in 1902 at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, led to an investigation by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers that resulted in several recommendations, one of which was the creation of an international commission to find solutions to these problems.

As the result of these developments, the International Waterways Commission (IWC) was established and began functioning in 1905. Members of the IWC were instrumental in promoting the idea of a long-term and more comprehensive solution to international issues.

There were also propitious developments in international politics. Britain's position as the world's maritime superpower was being challenged by other European powers — the policy of "splendid isolation" no longer guaranteed British security. To end their country's diplomatic isolation, British statesmen sought rapprochement with the United States. To improve relations with the U.S., the British needed to remove irritants between that country and what they often continued to consider "their colony" in North America. The brave new world of the times required brave new solutions — and one of these was the IJC.

The development that gave birth to the commission was the Boundary Waters Treaty of 1909. Through this treaty, for the first time in Canadian and American affairs, the governments of the contracting parties surrendered a part of their control over common waters to a joint agency. More important was the fact that the commission was to be a permanent body.

The commission was to have no British member, only three Canadians and three Americans staffing each of its two sections. The IJC was in part established as a court of arbitration to which the two governments could refer disputes for binding solutions; however, this function of the IJC was never put to use, no doubt because most of the commissioners serving on the IJC were technocrats rather than people with training in international law.

The IJC had its first meeting in Washington, D.C., in January 1912. Since then, it has performed yeoman service for both countries. The commission has received applications from states, provinces, and municipalities for the approval of construction projects in boundary waters and for projects potentially affecting such waters. It has rejected or approved these applications and sometimes set up subsidiary joint

SEEING THE LIGHT

INTERNATIONAL JOINT COMMISSION

Many British Columbians objected to plans by the Seattle City Light Company to increase the height of the Ross Dam because it would have flooded more than two thousand hectares of prime wildlife habitat and recreational area in their province. The IJC brought officials together to create a treaty in 1984. In return for not raising the dam, Seattle received access to power from British Columbia at rates equivalent to what would have resulted from heightening the dam. The High Ross Treaty also included environmental enhancements in the Skagit River watershed.

This article, prepared for *Canada's History*, is part of a series on environmental history sponsored by the Walter & Duncan Gordon Foundation.

boards to monitor and manage the projects in question.

The IJC also investigates problems along the international boundary and produces reports for their solution. Its recommendations are implemented if both governments are in agreement. The IJC's investigations can be wide-ranging and do not even need to relate to boundary waters. For instance, problems related to transborder air pollution have also been put before the commission.

The most important function of the IJC is to prevent problems arising along the international boundary from becoming sources of political friction. The IJC is important to both countries, but it is arguably more important to Canadians. Without the IJC, some problems would become heated debates. In public disagreements between Ottawa and Washington, the latter is more likely to have its way, simply because of the greater weight the U.S. carries in the international arena.

Nothing speaks more highly of the importance of the IJC than the fact that other joint agencies were later established that were patterned on the same basis. Perhaps the most famous of these is the Permanent Joint Board on Defence (PJBD) created in 1940 by an agreement between President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King. The PJBD is an advisory body that helps to coordinate the two countries' defence efforts. Its activities were especially important during World War II.

Canada and the U.S. have a unique and significant institution in the IJC. We can only hope that this agency will continue to exist and serve Canadians and Americans for another century — and even beyond.

Nandor F. Dreisziger is a professor emeritus of history at the Royal Military College of Canada in Kingston, Ontario.

DIVERSIONARY TACTICS

GLENBOW MUSEUM NA-4210-8

The Alberta Railway and Irrigation Company's spillway and canal. Designed to divert water from the Milk River, the project was halted in 1909.

Famers in the drylands of Montana and Alberta have had longstanding conflicts over irrigation water from the St. Mary and Milk rivers. Both rivers originate in Montana and flow into Alberta, where the St. Mary continues north to the Hudson Bay drainage system while the Milk returns south to the Mississippi basin. Early in the twentieth century, governments on both sides made plans to build canals to divert the water to benefit their own countries. The Boundary Waters Treaty of 1909 tried to settle the dispute but it remains contentious to this day. In 2004, the International Joint Commission (IJC) led a new round of consultations on the issue.

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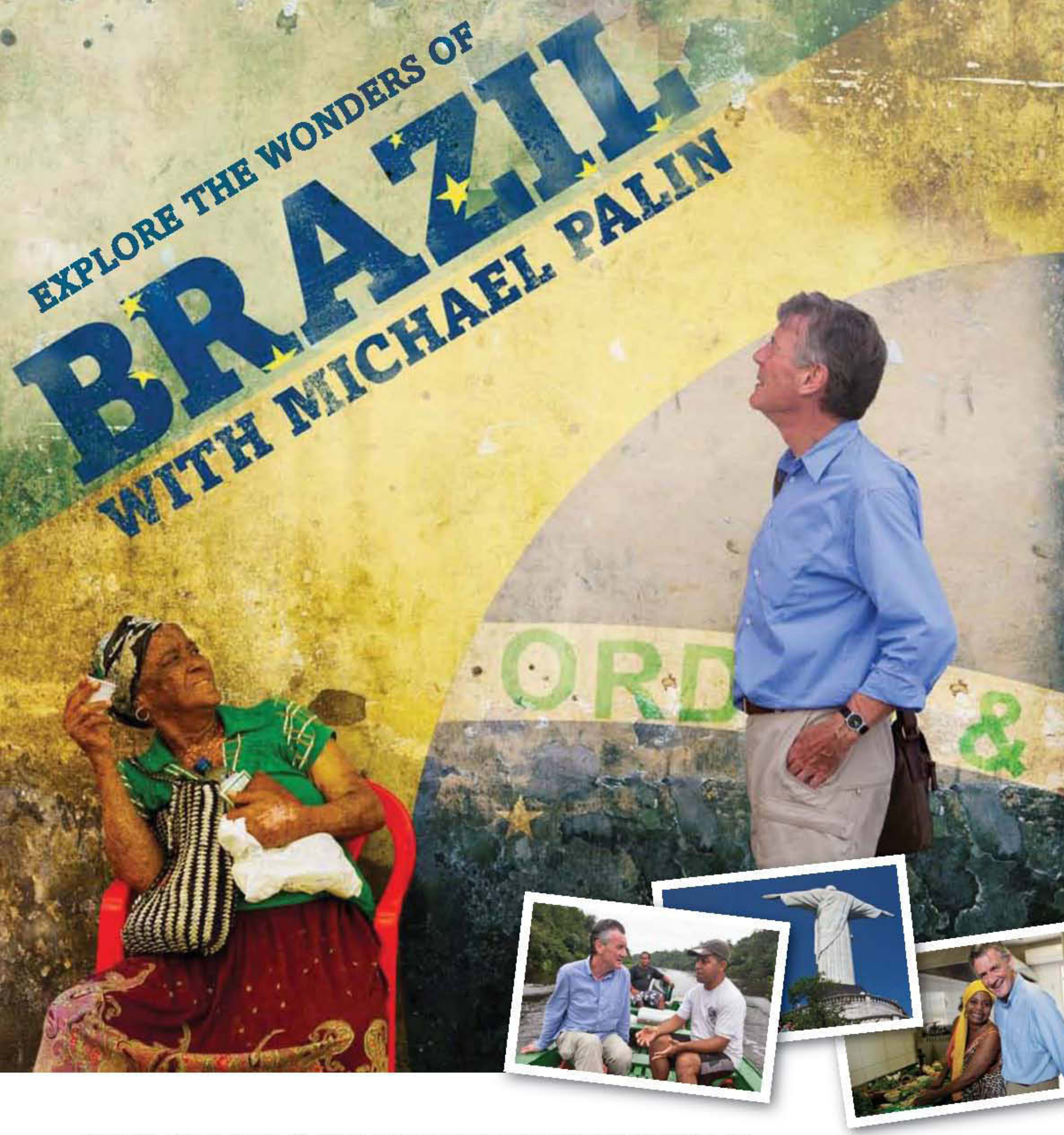
L'Anse aux Meadows National Historic Site, Newfoundland

CANADA'S HISTORY



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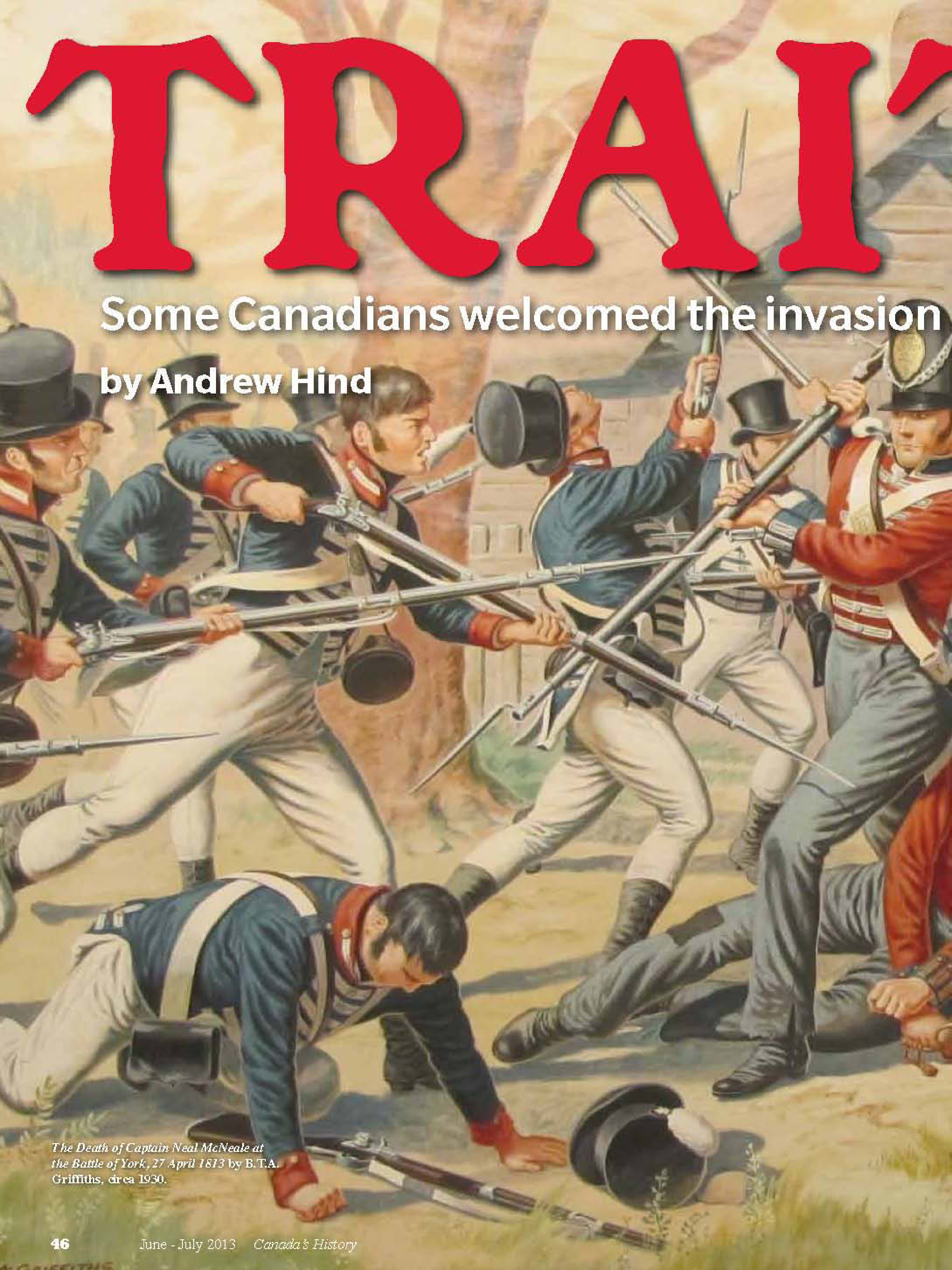
TRAI

Some Canadians welcomed the invasion

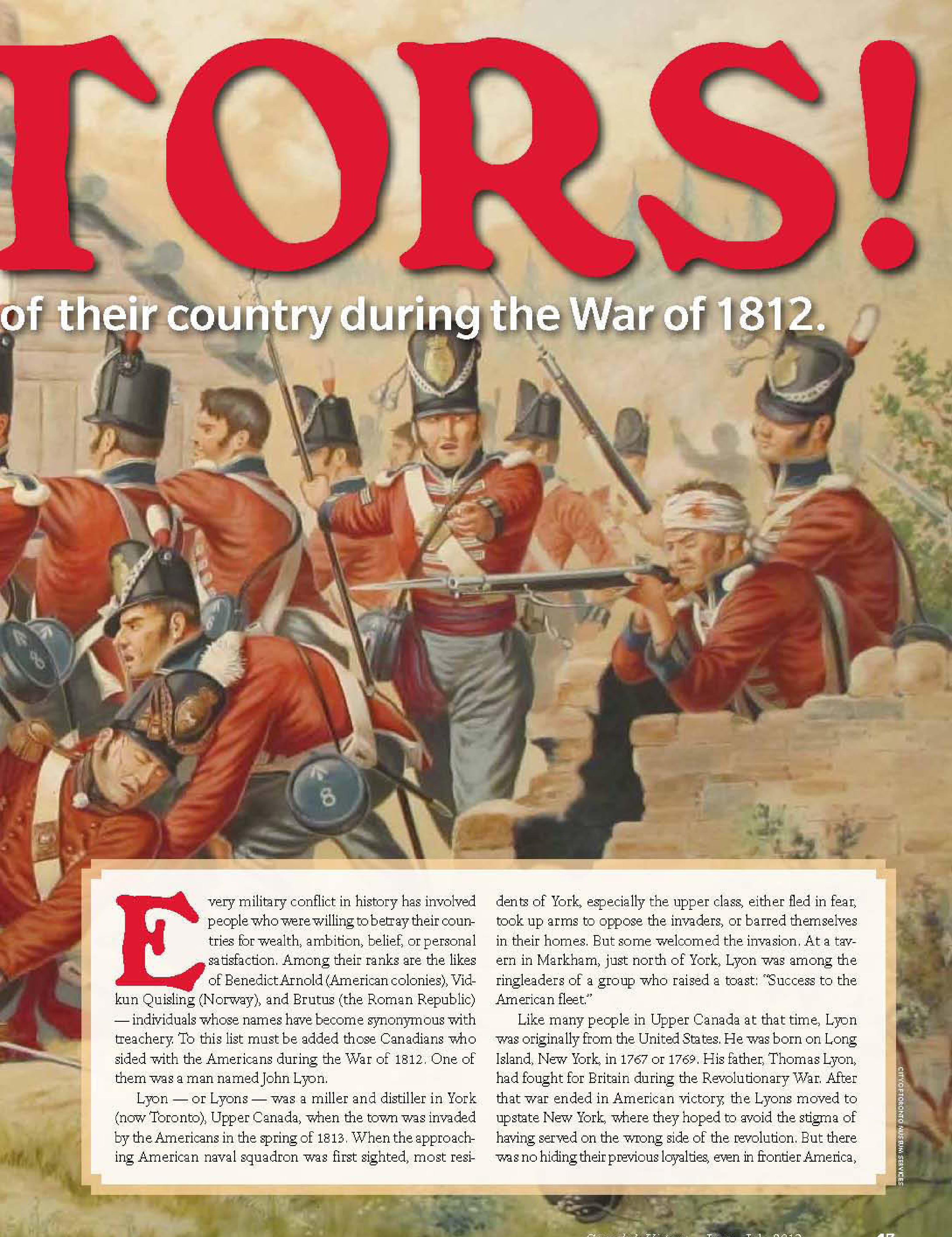
by Andrew Hind



The Death of Captain Neal McNeale at the Battle of York, 27 April 1813 by B.T.A. Griffiths, circa 1930.

TORS!

of their country during the War of 1812.

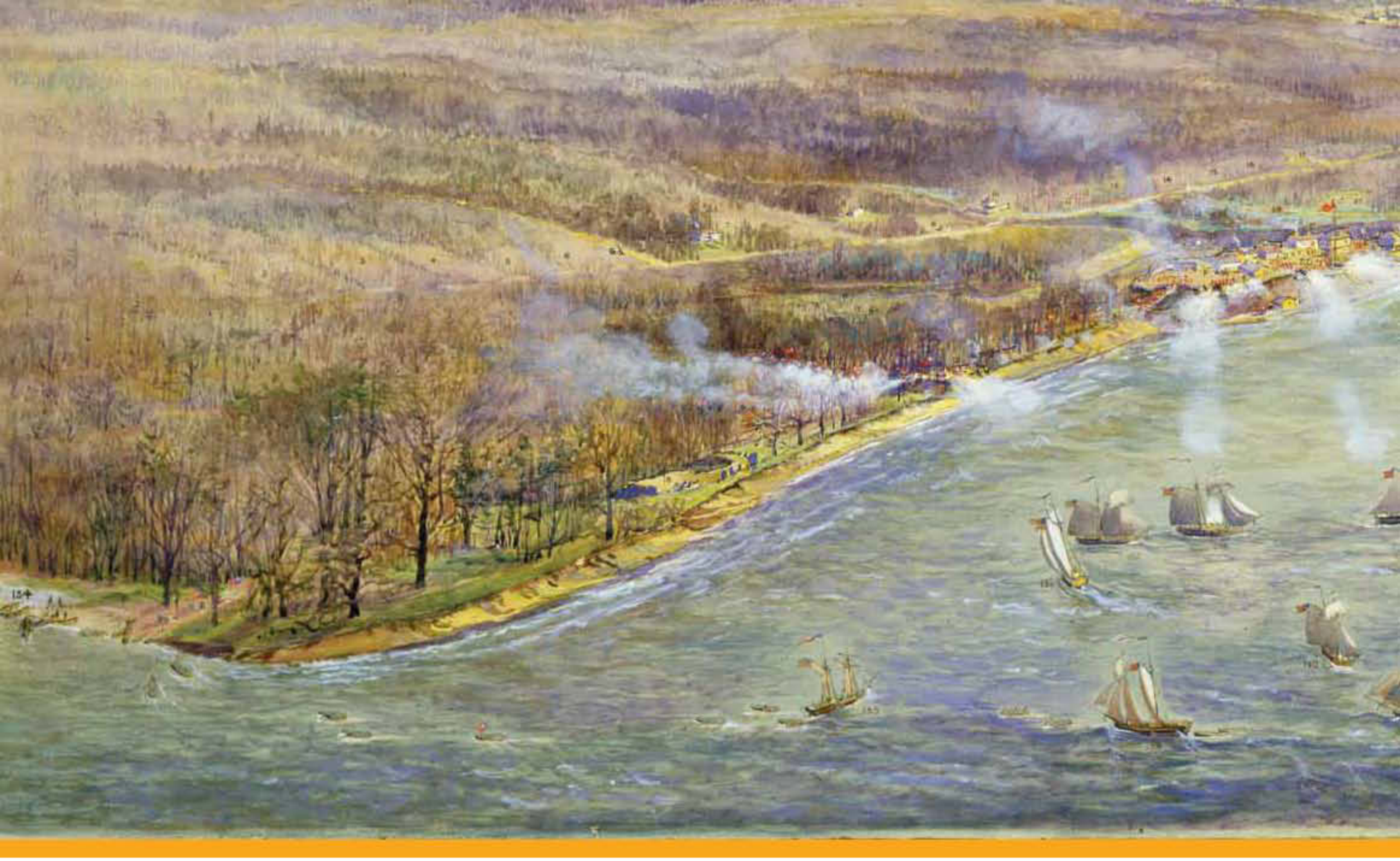


CITY OF TORONTO MUSEUM SERVICES

Every military conflict in history has involved people who were willing to betray their countries for wealth, ambition, belief, or personal satisfaction. Among their ranks are the likes of Benedict Arnold (American colonies), Vidkun Quisling (Norway), and Brutus (the Roman Republic) — individuals whose names have become synonymous with treachery. To this list must be added those Canadians who sided with the Americans during the War of 1812. One of them was a man named John Lyon.

Lyon — or Lyons — was a miller and distiller in York (now Toronto), Upper Canada, when the town was invaded by the Americans in the spring of 1813. When the approaching American naval squadron was first sighted, most residents of York, especially the upper class, either fled in fear, took up arms to oppose the invaders, or barred themselves in their homes. But some welcomed the invasion. At a tavern in Markham, just north of York, Lyon was among the ringleaders of a group who raised a toast: "Success to the American fleet."

Like many people in Upper Canada at that time, Lyon was originally from the United States. He was born on Long Island, New York, in 1767 or 1769. His father, Thomas Lyon, had fought for Britain during the Revolutionary War. After that war ended in American victory, the Lyons moved to upstate New York, where they hoped to avoid the stigma of having served on the wrong side of the revolution. But there was no hiding their previous loyalties, even in frontier America,



Arrival of American fleet prior to capture of York, 27 April 1813 by Owen Staples, circa 1914.

Having taken York, the Americans razed government buildings and began a wholesale plunder of the town. Lyon was among those who helped them.

and so when a relative told twenty-five-year-old John Lyon of the bounty of Upper Canada, he headed north.

By 1794, Lyon was married and settled in York. Two years later, he moved north along Yonge Street, the main thoroughfare into the province's interior, and settled on Lot 32 in what is today the Toronto suburb of Thornhill but which was then virgin wilderness.

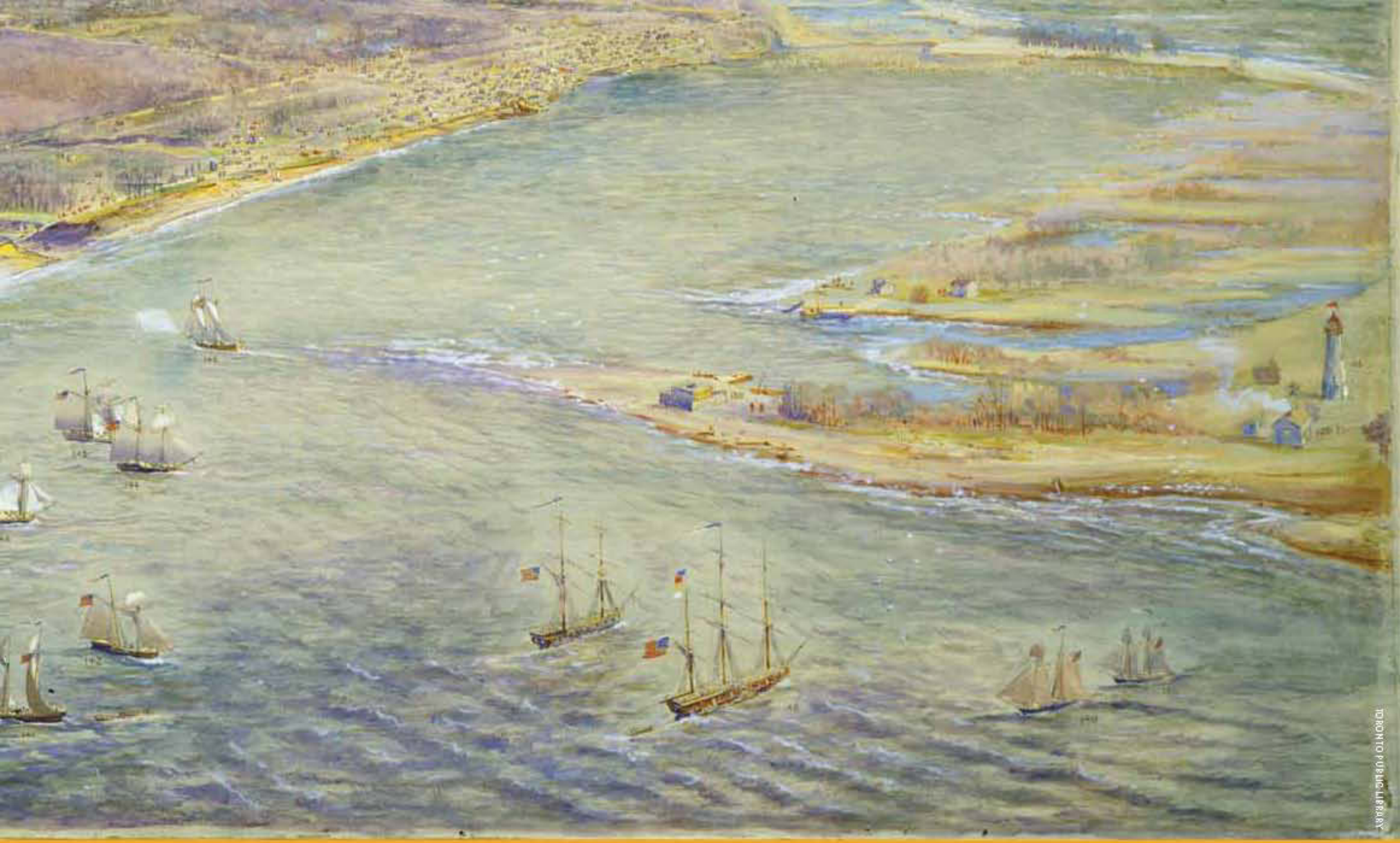
The one distinguishing feature of the landscape was the Don River. Today it's a rather placid waterway, but two hundred years ago, before the clearing of the forests, the volume and water power of the Don was significant. Lyon's eyes must have lit up. Deep, fast-flowing streams offered opportunities for people with milling aspirations, and mills were the easiest way to wealth in pioneer-era Ontario.

The ambitious young man set about building a rural business empire. In 1801, he dammed the river and built the area's first sawmill. The year following, he added a gristmill. Next came a whisky distillery. Things were looking up; the industries did steady business. However, problems were looming.

By 1808, many of Lyon's clients were defaulting on their payments, causing Lyon to run into debt. On January 20, 1808, he resorted to posting a notice in the *York Gazette* demanding that his debtors pay up in cash or grain "without his being obliged to apply for payment in a legal way."

More trouble came when the colonial government — to the dismay of many businessmen — began to impose itself on industry. When Lyon arrived in 1794, the government had allowed anyone to exploit waterways running through their properties in any fashion they wished as long as navigation was not impeded and fish migration left unmolested. This laissez-faire attitude was intentional, designed to kick-start the development of industry in the infant province. Just over a decade later, however, bureaucracy was creeping into private enterprise, creating restrictions, imposing taxes, and demanding that licences be purchased. The bottom line was that businessmen like Lyon found their profits bled away by the government.

These storms might have been weathered, but the War of 1812 unleashed yet another. The need to feed British regulars and militia in the field put a strain on the fragile agricultural base of Upper Canada. Soon, a severe shortage of flour developed, forcing the colonial government to take extreme measures to husband this precious resource. Among those emergency measures was the suspension of all distilleries until war's end, since grain was a key ingredient in the manufacture of whisky. This decree meant a loss of income for Lyon, who was already in a precarious financial position. No doubt he grew embittered. It was one final step on his long



TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY

road to disenchantment, and ultimately to treason.

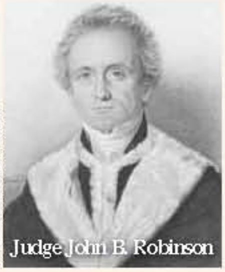
Deliverance from his misery — or so he must have thought — came on the morning of April 27, 1813, when an American naval squadron led by American Commodore Isaac Chauncey appeared off York and began landing up to seventeen hundred soldiers. After a brisk but brief firefight at the beaches, the British were beaten back to a gun emplacement known as the western battery, and then, almost without pausing, to the lightly fortified garrison in York itself.

Noon was approaching when the retreating British reached this final position. Although plans were in hand to greatly strengthen the town's defences, at the time of the battle the only fortifications were a small stretch of earthworks and a single blockhouse inside a palisade guarded by a pair of cannons. British General Sir Roger Hale Sheaffe had no illusions about his ability to hold the Americans. Sheaffe had 650 men in total, of whom only three hundred were regular army soldiers. The remainder included 250 untrained militiamen, a handful of sailors and artificers of the provincial marine, and about fifty Aboriginals.

It was Sheaffe's intention to preserve his men instead of sacrificing them to a losing cause, so, after a brief respite, he abandoned York and began a long march east to Kingston.

Having taken York, the Americans razed government buildings and began a wholesale plunder of the town. Lyon was among those who helped them. According to a deposition made out in August of 1813 before Justice of the Peace Thomas Ridout, one William Knott "on Sunday the first day of May last; while the Enemys forces were in York, he saw John Lyon of the Township of Vaughan, distiller, drawing with his wagon Public Stores down to the Water Side for the

Traitors executed after mass trial



Judge John B. Robinson

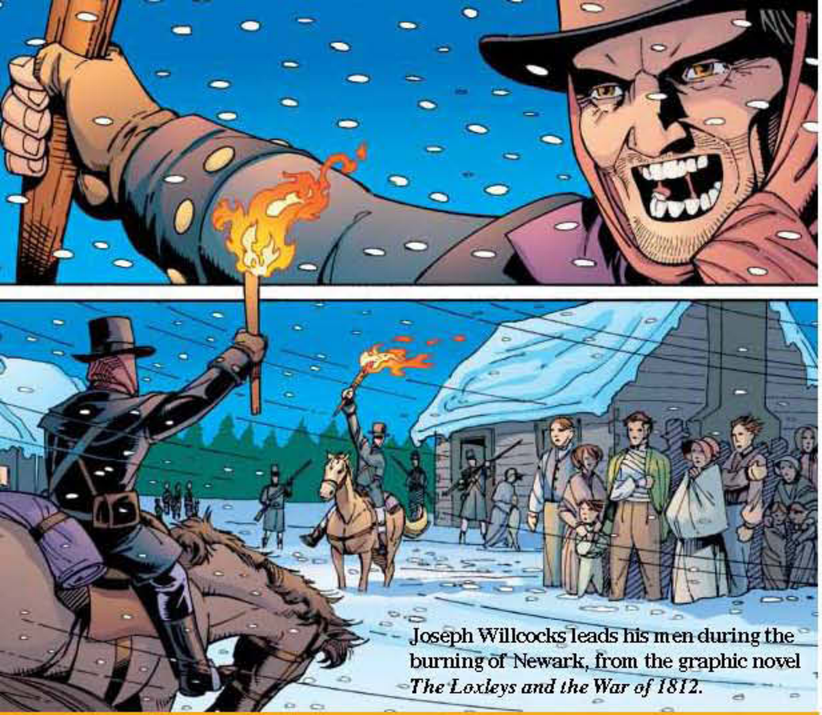
ARCHIVES OF ONTARIO/I0003072

During the war, renegade settlers from the Niagara and London districts, including members of the Canadian Volunteers, wreaked havoc across southwestern Upper Canada. They imprisoned militia officers loyal to the Crown, plundered public storehouses, and acted as spies. Most were recent immigrants from the United States.

About seventy were indicted for high treason, of which fifty managed to escape the country. Nineteen men went to trial in Ancaster, Upper Canada, in June of 1814. In a bid to discourage others from acts of disloyalty, the judges sentenced fifteen to death by hanging. However, only eight were executed. The rest had their sentences commuted and were exiled.

Among those hanged was Aaron Stevens, described by Judge John Beverly Robinson as "a man formerly in the confidence of the government, of respectable family and property, convicted of having acted as a spy for the enemy.... He was, besides, constantly with the enemy when they possessed Fort George, and often seen with them in arms."

Stevens and the others were sentenced to "be drawn on Hurdles to place of execution, hanged by the neck but not until dead, cut down while alive and your entrails taken out and burnt before your faces, your heads cut off, bodies divided into four quarters, heads and quarters to be at the King's disposal." It's unlikely the sentence was carried out in full. The event went down in history as the Ancaster Bloody Assize Trials.



Joseph Willcocks leads his men during the burning of Newark, from the graphic novel *The Loxleys and the War of 1812.*

COURTESY OF RENEGADE ARTS ENTERTAINMENT

Enemy, he saw no appearance of compulsion, and for all that appeared Lyon did it voluntarily."

While American troops sacked the government stores and plundered the town, and it seemed that Lyon was assisting them in bringing the ill-begotten goods down to the waterfront for transfer to waiting ships. Lyon may have been among local turncoats who joined with American soldiers in ransacking the homes and businesses of the village on the night of April 27. He is also suspected of having passed along intelligence to the enemy, snippets he had accumulated over the previous year.

Among the American officers present was a Captain Lyon of the 6th Infantry. It's not known if there was a familial link between the two. What seems certain is that John Lyon expected that the Americans would remain in occupation of York. But this was not the invaders' plan.

For the Americans, the benefits of the attack on York were dubious at best. Much had been sacrificed and little gained. While the Americans had seized a big haul, they failed to capture what would have been a significant prize — a new warship under construction — because the British had set fire to the shipyard as they retreated. Also, the American force suffered 320 casualties — including Brigadier General Zebulon Pike, who died of his wounds — and was incapable of further action for sometime thereafter. Estimates of British casualties vary — the dead and wounded are believed to have totaled about two hundred.

Much to Lyon's dismay, the Americans left York on May 8. Their ships were heavily laden with stolen goods, but much plunder was left behind. In the days prior to leaving, when it became obvious they couldn't possibly take it all with them, the Americans distributed government stores, mostly farming implements, to settlers who had assisted them during their occupation of the town. It was hoped that this demonstration of goodwill and generosity would cause the townsfolk to question their loyalty to Britain.

But the American forces withdrew before all the goods could be doled out, leaving Lyon with a vast horde of stolen government property on his hands. To avoid prosecution, he concealed the goods in his millpond; he hoped that the fog of war would shroud his deception.

For a time, his plan worked. Residents of York were initially more concerned with repairing damage and restoring their lives than in making incriminations. But, after a few months, as the excitement of the occupation died down, stories of what Lyon had done began to surface. Officials searched his property and found the stolen items.

Lyon was charged with sedition and sent to jail. The disenchanted miller never went to trial — he died on August 30, 1813, of unknown causes. But his tarnished reputation did not die. The whispers of treason that began to surface during the latter days of Lyon's life turned into a loud chorus after his death. His legacy had been permanently stained.

History books rarely mention the importance of Lyon's early enterprises to the development of Thornhill. Nor do they mention his almost twenty years of industry and faithfulness to the Crown. He is only remembered for his betrayal.

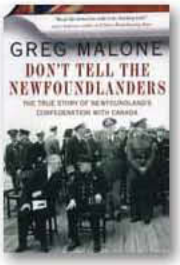
Disillusioned politician changed sides to fight for the Americans

A former sheriff, publisher, and reformist member of the Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada, Joseph Willcocks initially put up a staunch defence against the American invasion. He rallied Six Nations Aboriginal warriors and fought alongside General Sir Isaac Brock at the Battle of Queenston Heights.

But Willcocks became disillusioned after stricter martial law was applied in the Canadas in 1813. The Irish-born politician opposed the measure, seeing it as undemocratic. After one of his close allies, MP Abraham Markle, was imprisoned for treason, Willcocks evidently believed he was next. Thus, in July of 1813, Willcocks offered his services to the Americans while still a serving member of the Assembly. He raised the Company of Canadian Volunteers, who spied on Upper Canadians loyal to the British, imprisoned militiamen, and plundered farms.

In November and December of 1813, Willcocks led scouting parties to Stoney Creek and the Forty (present-day Grimsby). He is most notorious for encouraging the Americans to burn Newark (now Niagara-on-the-Lake) to the ground as the invaders retreated from the village in December 1813. The Canadian Volunteers assisted the American soldiers in turning families out into the snow and bitter cold.

Willcocks was charged with treason but escaped prosecution by crossing into the United States. Willcocks' force also fought at Chippawa, Lundy's Lane, and Fort Erie. He died leading a skirmish during the siege of Fort Erie on September 4, 1814. After the war, many of the Canadian Volunteers rebuilt their lives in the United States, where they received land grants and compensation. According to historian Peter Macleod, curator of the Canadian War Museum's 1812 exhibition, "Willcocks was and still is Canada's arch-traitor."


GREG MALONE
DON'T TELL THE NEWFOUNDLANDERS
THE TRUE STORY OF NEWFOUNDLAND'S CONFEDERATION WITH CANADA

ATLANTIC DISCORD

Don't Tell the Newfoundlanders: The True Story of Newfoundland's Confederation with Canada
by Greg Malone
Knopf Canada, Toronto, 2012
332 pp., illus., $29.95 hardcover

When I received *Don't Tell the Newfoundlanders*, I was eager to read what new insights Greg Malone would bring to the issue of Newfoundland's entrance into the Canadian family in 1949. Of course, the thesis of his book is not new. Other writers have covered the subject, including S.J.R. Noel, Peter Neary, Bren Walsh, and John Edward FitzGerald, to name a few.

I suspect few other provinces have as high a percentage of their people who could tell you when that province joined Canada as one will find in Newfoundland and Labrador. The independence Newfoundland enjoyed for many decades because of geography and as a Dominion has caused the people of Canada's tenth province to reflect often on its past. Just recently, at a signing of my own book, I was confronted with a very elderly gentleman who was proud to proclaim that he was an anti-Confederate and had always viewed my politics as closely resembling those of a Newfoundland nationalist.

So it was with great interest that I began Malone's book. Overall, I was disappointed. While the book succeeds in bringing together the threads of evidence that support his contention of Anglo-Canadian collusion as it relates to Newfoundland's entry into Confederation (something Walsh did in his book, *More than a Poor Majority*), Malone does this in a manner that detracts from his contention. His book comes across almost as a rant, straining to prove the point. It would have been more appropriate for there to be more context, allowing for a more complete book — although, admittedly, a little longer one.

Malone's attack on the findings of the 1933 Amulree Commission leaves one with the impression that good governance was the norm in Newfoundland politics during the early decades of the twentieth century. It is true that global economic forces played a large role in Newfoundland's condition in the late 1920s and early 1930s, and that the commission's report often erroneously disparaged the place and its people. Yet one should not gloss over the unfortunate record of governance by the leaders of successive Newfoundland governments of this period, beginning with the railway deal of the 1890s and continuing into the twentieth century with the massive giveaways that allowed for the construction of the paper mills in Grand Falls and Corner Brook, all the time without a clear and steady focus on the fishery.

There are also problems in *Don't Tell the Newfoundlanders* with a lack of appropriate validation of statements. For example, Malone says, "The Canadians wrote off the entire $5.6 billion war debt that Great Britain owed," but he offers no supporting reference. In another example, he cites the opinion of one senator who alleges the Maritimes lost as a result of Confederation — hardly convincing evidence or substantial argument.

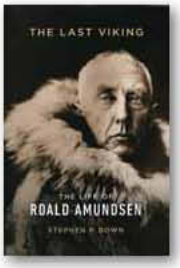
Then there are the exaggerations and errors that appear near the end of the book, where he provides hyperbolic statements — such as that there was "virtually no residual benefit from Labrador for Newfoundland" regarding iron ore — and unsubstantiated figures in the billions of dollars regarding the value of Upper Churchill hydroelectric power.

Malone also makes several mistakes when discussing the 1985 Atlantic Accord. He says it was then federal Justice Minister John Crosbie and I who negotiated this historic document. It was not. This accord was negotiated by teams of officials under the leadership of Energy Minister Pat Carney for the federal government and provincial Energy Minister William Marshall for Newfoundland, both of whom reported to and received instructions from their first ministers (Prime Minister Brian Mulroney and myself).

Most glaring is Malone's suggestion that "substantial material change did not come to the Island until Premier Danny Williams was driven on December 23, 2004, to take down the Canadian flag in the Newfoundland legislative building in his fight with Ottawa to give the province more of its offshore oil revenues." Obviously, Malone has not read the Atlantic Accord; nor has he consulted people who were involved in its formulation. Without the accord, Williams would have been unable to negotiate the acceleration of revenues (for which he deserves credit). But the bulk of revenues — over $8 billion in just the last four years — comes directly from the accord because of its provision that royalties flow to the province from offshore in the same manner as if the oil and gas were on land.

Malone forgets as well about other provisions of the Atlantic Accord that have been of benefit to Newfoundlanders. What began as real promise — somewhat like Newfoundland in the middle of the nineteenth century — becomes as one reads it a narrow book with little context and lacking the necessary research. Malone says he went to Toronto as a Canadian and returned a Newfoundlander. Some in the province may therefore be puzzled that his book is published by a "Canadian" firm.

Reviewed by **A. Brian Peckford**, the premier of Newfoundland from 1979 to 1989 and the author of *Some Day the Sun Will Shine and Have Not Will Be No More* (Flanker Press, 2012).



TRUE NORSE

The Last Viking: The Life of Roald Amundsen
by Stephen R. Bown
Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver, 2012
379 pp., illus., $32.95 hardcover

Those who love tales of Arctic exploration and discovery will not be disappointed by

Stephen R. Bown's fresh look at the man many consider to be the world's greatest polar explorer. From beginning to end, the Canadian writer's telling of Roald Amundsen's life is a thrilling yet thoughtful narrative.

Of course, it's hard to make Amundsen sound less than intriguing: The dashing but dour-faced Norwegian was the first to reach both the south and north poles and the first to cross the Northwest Passage. He wrote voluminous accounts of his adventures, was generally liked by his crew, and learned valuable lessons of survival from Canada's Inuit, whom he seemed to regard with genuine respect and admiration. "My sincerest wish for our friends the Nechilli Eskimo is that civilization may never find them," he wrote. While he was careful to cultivate a clean image of himself as an honourable servant of his country, Amundsen also maintained a secretive private life that involved affairs with a succession of married women. And he never really dug himself out of a lifetime of debt.

History hasn't always been kind to Amundsen. His victory in reaching the South Pole almost five weeks ahead of Britain's Robert Falcon Scott has sometimes been seen as unsporting because he kept his plans under wraps. While some believed this was a deliberate ploy to deceive Scott and leave him at a disadvantage — Scott didn't realize until the last minute that he was competing with Amundsen to be first at the pole — Bown is sympathetic to Amundsen's situation.

A meticulous planner, Amundsen had spent years preparing for a North Pole expedition, but his funding was pulled by the Norwegian government and private sponsors in 1909 after Americans Robert Peary and Frederick Cook separately announced competing claims to have reached the pole first. The North Pole was no longer seen as a prize to be won, but the South Pole was still up for grabs. Amundsen realized he could obtain private support to challenge Scott in a dash to the South Pole, and more money would flow in from articles, books, and lecture tours if he succeeded. So he secretly changed plans — most of Amundsen's crew did not know about the switch until they were well underway.

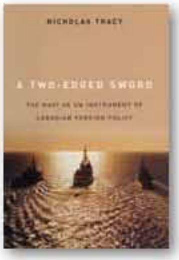
Both expeditions set out in the latter part of 1910, setting up base camps at different locations and following different routes. For transport, Scott's Royal Geographic Society expedition relied heavily on ponies, motorized sledges, and snowshoes; Amundsen relied on sled dogs and skis. Scott believed in the superiority of British know-how and he applied the latest science and technology to his effort. However, the Royal Navy officer had less experience in polar conditions than Amundsen; the latter had lived with the Netsilik Inuit of northern Canada for two years, where he learned how to build snow houses, drive dog teams, eat raw meat, and dress for extreme cold. (Interestingly, Bown updates claims that Amundsen fathered a child among the Netsilik Inuit — recent DNA tests have disproven this.)

Both parties reached the pole, but only one returned alive — Amundsen's. Scott and his crew perished after being halted by poor weather. The British immediately lauded Scott as a hero while portraying Amundsen as a villain undeserving of victory. "The apparent antipathy for him that developed in Britain in the wake of Scott's death was something that Amundsen never forgot or forgave," writes Bown.

The Scandinavian explorer was more favourably received by the Americans, who never tired of his tales of adventure, told to packed halls in halting English with a strong Norwegian accent. He hated lecture tours but grudgingly endured them to raise money for future journeys. In 1925 Amundsen completed a west-to-east crossing of the Northeast Passage, and in 1926 he flew over the North Pole in a dirigible. Then, in 1928, his life came to an end when his plane went down during a mission to rescue an Italian explorer whose airship had crashed on its return from the North Pole.

As Bown notes, Amundsen packed more into his fifty-six years than seems possible. He fulfilled his youthful dreams and died a heroic, highly public death. "He had earned the title bestowed on him by the popular press — 'the last of the Vikings.'"

Reviewed by **Nelle Oosterom**, senior editor of *Canada's History* magazine.



COUNTERBALANCING

A Two-Edged Sword: The Navy as an Instrument of Canadian Foreign Policy
by Nicholas Tracy
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal, 2012
496 pp., illus., $49.95 hardcover

Over the past decade or so there has been a remarkable increase in studies on the Canadian Forces in war and peace. Nicholas Tracy provides a major contribution in arguably one of the most thorough political examinations of the Royal Canadian Navy (RCN) from its birth to the present day. Tracy's single volume is a must-read for scholars, policy-makers, and the public interested in not just the historical, political, organizational, and bureaucratic forces that have dictated the structure and operational employment of the RCN but also the RCN's role in Canadian defence and foreign policy writ large.

Tracy's employment of the "two-edged sword" metaphor, which he labels a paradox, concerns commitments to collective defence as "a means to avoid national subordination." While one can contest whether the metaphor truly represents a paradox, rather than a conundrum or simple irony that all small states confront to varying degrees in dealing with great powers, it provides the link to a much broader understanding of Canadian defence thinking and practice. In the case of North America, it is found, for example, in the commitment to the bi-national NORAD aerospace command as a means to ensure and enhance Canadian sovereignty.

In effect, Tracy is implicitly addressing Canada's grand strategy. Whether as collective or bi-national defence, at home or overseas, Tracy speaks to Canada's commitments to its imperial patron — initially Great Britain, and, since World War II, the United States — as a means to advance Canadian national interests and independence. At the same time, Tracy also values RCN commitments in the context of a policy of counterweights, which he terms "a make-weight" to offset the dominance of the United States, even to the point of suggesting a revitalization of the long-dead Commonwealth connection.

The relative significance to be placed on grand strategy versus counterweights in understanding the RCN as an instrument of Canadian foreign policy is left to the reader to decide. As regards influencing U.S. policy, once again it is open for the reader to decide whether such influence comes primarily from highly valued Canadian naval capabilities or simply from the willingness of governments to commit naval forces to U.S.-led "coalitions of the willing."

Nonetheless, Tracy does leave the impression that valued capabilities are the key to influence; and, if this is the case, then the aforementioned counterweight can be interpreted largely as rhetoric for domestic consumption. This is further reinforced in the importance he gives to senior RCN decision-makers and to a significant degree of government neglect to the details of defence.

Tracy's study spends little time examining the economic dimension of maintaining politically and militarily functional RCN capabilities relative to the rising costs of vessels and the demands of ensuring interoperability with the United States navy. This dimension, of course, raises a range of key issues, including the demands of each of the services in environments of shrinking and rising budgets, relative to the relationship between highly valued capabilities and the United States.

Nonetheless, Tracy's study not only provides a valuable narrative of the history of the RCN but also opens the door to much deeper questions about the role of the Canadian Forces in supporting and advancing Canadian national interests. Above all else, he demonstrates the clear linkage between foreign policy and military capabilities and commitments — a linkage of which policy-makers in Ottawa, the media, and the public at large need constantly to be reminded.

Reviewed by **James Fergusson**, the director of the Centre for Defence and Security Studies at the University of Manitoba.

More Books

Cold War Comforts: Canadian Women, Child Safety, and Global Insecurity
by Tarah Brookfield
Wilfrid Laurier University Press,
Waterloo, Ontario, 2012
306 pp., illus., $39.95 paperback

The face of Canada's civil defence campaign at the outset of the Cold War was a middle-aged, neat, and calm housewife who was prepared for anything — including nuclear war. She appeared on posters and pamphlets throughout Canada, reminding women that they were the first line of defence. Her name? Bea Alerte.

We meet Bea Alerte — and her sidekick, Justin Case — in the first chapter of Tarah Brookfield's ***Cold War Comforts: Canadian Women, Child Safety, and Global Insecurity***. In this captivating read, Brookfield shares the many ways in which women responded and rallied in the face of the Cold War. From stocking pantries and learning CPR to organizing peace rallies and staging protests on Parliament Hill, Canadian women were active and valued members in the fight for democracy, freedom, and a safe future for their children.

Children take centre stage in *Cold War Comforts*. Brookfield shows how they became part of Cold War rhetoric and informed strategic decisions about defence programs, domestic policies, and international relief efforts. From the period between 1945 and 1975, Brookfield mentions initiatives such as tooth drives, the UNICEF trick-or-treat campaign, Operation Babylift, toy weapon bans, and foster care and international adoption programs. These examples demonstrate that child safety was the common motivation for Canadian women's efforts.

Building wonderfully on the work of the Cold War historians who precede her, Brookfield uses her own research to provide new voices that deepen our understanding of this precarious time in Canadian history. *Cold War Comforts* is an engaging look at the many women who navigated new waters to ensure a peaceful future for their children, and for our country.

— Joanna Dawson

Silver Screens on the Prairie: An Illustrated History of Motion Picture Theatres in Manitoba
by Russ Gourluck and
Barbara Rogers
Great Plains, Winnipeg, 2012
328 pp., illus., $29.95 paperback

People have been going to the movies for more than a hundred years. In that time, the theatre industry has seen a lot of changes.

Silver Screens on the Prairie, the fifth book by Winnipeg author Russ Gourluck, tells the captivating stories of the people who ran Manitoba's theatres and of the patrons who frequented them. With hundreds of photos, plus reproductions of advertisements, *Silver Screens* offers a visual guide to the intriguing and often bizarre history of going to the pictures.

Theatre owners used more than just films and popcorn to attract moviegoers. For example: "As competition between movie theatres increased, the newly opened Furby Theatre … found novel ways in 1913 to attract patrons," notes Gourluck. "Monday was ladies' coupon night, Tuesday's event was a blueberry pie-eating contest, Wednesday was called bargain night because extra reels were shown, Thursday was 'Counting Stone Night,' and Friday was the 'well-known amateur contest.'"

Perhaps today's cinemas have something to learn from their forerunners a century ago.

— Mark Schram

The Life and Art of Ina D.D. Uhthoff
by Christina Johnson-Dean
Mother Tongue Publishing,
Salt Spring Island, B.C., 2012
124 pp, illus., $32.95 paperback

Ina Uhthoff was a Scottish-born artist who trained at the Glasgow School of Art. She first came to Canada in 1913 to visit friends in the Kootenay region of British Columbia, and while there she met her future husband, Ted Uhthoff.

Ina returned to Scotland and worked as a teacher. Then, after the First World War, she reunited with her husband-to-be, married, and settled in Crawford Bay, a hamlet on Kootenay Lake in the interior of B.C. As Christina Johnson-Dean notes in this fifth book in the Unheralded Artists of B.C.

series, although Uhthoff found the area picturesque, the work of a pioneer wife with two young children left little time for her artwork.

In 1923, she mapped out her move from the region. Perhaps Uhthoff desired a more urban setting. As the *Victoria Daily Colonist* later reported, she "resumed her career after her marriage owing to the fact her husband was incapacitated by wounds received in the Great War."

Ina and Ted never divorced but saw each other infrequently. By 1925 she had established herself in Victoria with employment at the Summer School for Teachers while single-handedly raising her children and working as a practising artist.

Much of the remainder of the book concentrates on Uhthoff's great diversity as an artist and on her passion to teach and promote art. Most notably, she established the Victoria School of Art and was a key figure in the creation of what was to become the Art Gallery of Greater Victoria. The many beautiful drawings, paintings, and photographs allow readers to look further into both Uhthoff's life and her art.

—**Beverley Tallon**

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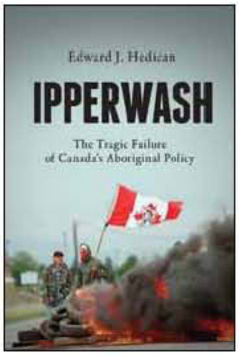

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by Edward J. Hedican

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L. Jane McMillan, *St Francis Xavier University*
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Political Policing in Canada, from the Fenians to Fortress America
by Reg Whitaker, Gregory S. Kealey, and Andrew Parnaby

Winner of Canada Prize in the Social Sciences, awarded by the Federation for the Humanities and Social Sciences.

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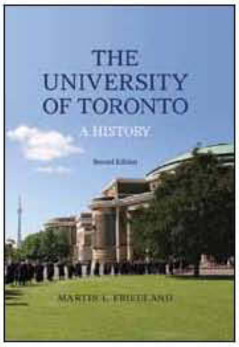

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Advancing Knowledge

**Secret Service:
Political Policing in Canada from the Fenians to Fortress America**
by Reg Whitaker, Gregory S. Kealey, and Andrew Parnaby
University of Toronto Press,
Toronto, 2012
696 pp., illus., $36.95 paperback

Secret Service is an extensive, detailed, and troubling look at Canada's history of political policing. The story stretches back to Canada's earliest internal spying efforts in the 1860s, guarding against the Fenian threat, and extends to the present day. From Louis Riel to the birth of trade unions, the FLQ crisis, and through the Cold War to the post-9/11 world, Canadian governments have deployed extensive resources for watching Canadians.

Much of Canada's initial secret service work was conducted on behalf of king and country, directed from Britain to keep Irish and Indian immigrants from fomenting dissent in their homelands and threatening imperial power. It was only with the onset of the First World War that the gaze turned inward towards threats directed at Canada.

As the authors note, Canadians take their secret service as something of a joke and are often unaware of its impact. The reality is a much deeper and darker history that is only now coming to light through excellent studies such as this.

—**Joel Ralph**

Picturing the Land: Narrating Territories in Canadian Landscape Art, 1500–1950
by Marylin J. McKay
McGill-Queen's University Press,
Montreal, 2011
377 pp., illus., $59.95 paperback

An ambitious book, ***Picturing the Land*** surveys a broad swath of Canada's art history through a socio-political lens, framing that art in the context of Canada's colonial history.

The unique brilliance of this book is

in its generosity of scope and in Marylin J. McKay's thematic approach. In support of her argument, her research is extensive. Teasing out various motifs within Canadian art and history, McKay tracks themes in Canadian art and related illustrative activities back to 1500.

Though occasionally the interpretation of images relies too heavily on this thematic method and can be a bit too academic in its approach, the framework nonetheless makes for a compelling narrative. McKay singles out artistic themes such as a "pastoral concept of territory" — a focus on the rural retreat and idealized farmland — and "the nomadic concept of territory," which "naturally focuses on wilderness land and the active processes of conquest and penetration."

The book was produced in collaboration with the Beaverbrook Canadian Foundation, and the richness of its illustrations — from early geographic maps and settlers' illustrations to modern photos and paintings more readily recognized as art — makes it an impressive sourcebook.

— **Mariianne Mays Wiebe**

Passing Through Missing Pages: The Intriguing Story of Annie Garland Foster
by Frances Welwood
Caitlin Press, Halfmoon Bay, B.C., 2011
256 pp., illus, $24.95 paperback

Despite its subtitle, I found *Passing Through Missing Pages* by Frances Welwood to be more of a remarkable story than an intriguing one. Annie Foster was a fiercely independent thinker and social activist who wore many mantles over her long life: university graduate, teacher, nurse, World War I veteran, young widow, council member, mayoral candidate, writer, and twenty-year advocate for an imprisoned veteran.

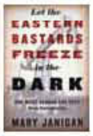
Captivated by Welwood's discovery that Foster was connected to a murder trial in 1926 but chose to omit that period from her own autobiography, *Missing Pages*, and loving a good mystery, I raced rather quickly through Foster's early family, educational, and teaching years.

I lingered over her wartime activities, though, which included marrying Lieutenant Garland Foster, crossing over to England to be with him during his convalescence, joining the British Red Cross as a nurse (Canadian Nursing Services wouldn't accept her because she was thirty-eight and married), and coping with the tragic loss of her husband just days prior to the 1918 armistice.

Throwing herself into civic work upon her return home, Foster became, as the local paper pronounced, the "First Lady Alderman" in Nelson, British Columbia. Her greatest achievement was quite possibly taking Nelson's unpopular and financially floundering streetcar system and putting it back in the black — without raising the fare of a ticket.

That milestone comes three quarters of the way through Welwood's book but not even midway through Foster's life — she died in 1974 at ninety-nine years of age. In the last part of the book, the biography's pace quickens, the murder trials come and go (not one trial but three), and Foster's chapters as an advocate and a professional writer begin. Kudos to Welwood and her editor for leaving a final plot twist for readers to savour.

— **Tanja Hütter**



Let the Eastern Bastards Freeze in the Dark: The West Versus the Rest since Confederation
by Mary Janigan
Knopf Canada, Toronto, 2012
440 pp., illus., $32 hardcover

Some have said Canada is a country with too much geography and not enough history. On that point, they're wrong — we have plenty of history. Unfortunately, much of it is the story of a jurisdictional tug-of-war between regions — and regional politicians — over everything from taxation to resource ownership.

In *Let the Eastern Bastards Freeze in the Dark*, journalist-turned-historian Mary Janigan delves into the annals of interprovincial relations to seek the root of our Canadian discontent. The title is a reference to the angry epithet that gained prominence in Alberta during the National Energy Program crisis of the 1980s.

Janigan points out that interprovincial animosity is nothing new. From the moment Canada purchased Rupert's Land from the Hudson's Bay Company, the inhabitants of the vast northwest hinterlands have struggled against the notion of being junior partners in Confederation.

Of course, from the perspective of

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powerhouse provinces Ontario and Quebec, the status quo was just fine, thank you. And what of the Atlantic provinces? Well, immediately after Confederation, Nova Scotia held a general election and voted overwhelmingly for a separatist government bent on leaving Canada — so what does that tell you?

Janigan's book may not solve all our differences, but reading it is a good first step in understanding them.

— **Mark Reid**

The Discovery of Weather: Stephen Saxby, the Tumultuous Birth of Weather Forecasting, and Saxby's Gale of 1869
by Jerry Lockett
Formac Publishing, Halifax, 2012
272 pp., illus., $29.95 hardcover

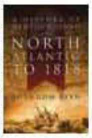
As the title suggests, Jerry Lockett's latest book takes the history of weather forecasting and attempts to anchor it in the story of Stephen Saxby, a nineteenth-century British naval instructor who championed the idea that weather disturbances are linked to the position of the moon in relation to the earth. Although his theory was later debunked, Saxby got lucky when he predicted a devastating East Coast hurricane — Saxby's Gale — on October 4, 1869.

Saxby was just one of numerous players who often disagreed with each other in what was then an iffy field of endeavour. People had some idea of weather patterns, but the notion that storms could be forecast more than twenty-four hours ahead of time was considered by many to be daft.

Actually predicting the weather proved risky. The August 1, 1861, *Times* (London) published the world's first weather forecast — provided by Robert Fitzroy, the head of the new British Meteorological Department. Then, as now, weather forecasts were forgotten when they were right and attacked when they were wrong. Storm predictions that proved false were costly because they held up shipping. The Royal Society eventually ended Fitzroy's forecasts — and Fitzroy committed suicide.

The book is strongest in the passages relating to the pioneers of forecasting and their conflicts. The second half, which is devoted to Saxby's Gale, gets bogged down in detail. Still, weather history enthusiasts will probably enjoy this book.

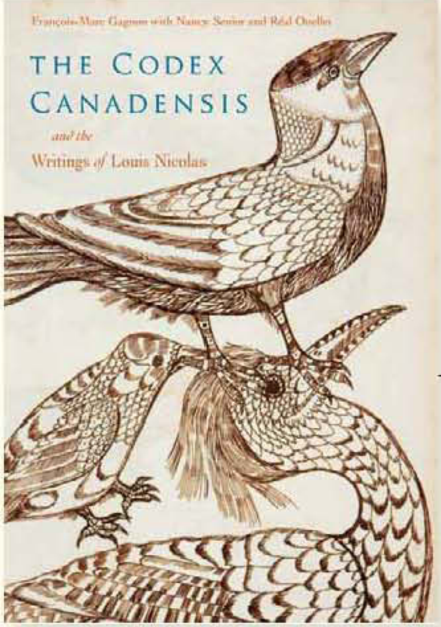
— **Nelle Oosterom**



A History of Newfoundland in the North Atlantic to 1818
by Shannon Ryan
Flanker Press, St. John's, 2012
280 pp., $19.95 paperback

The first Europeans to visit Newfoundland were Norsemen from Greenland who happened upon the rocky shores around AD 1000. They didn't stay long, however, and they weren't the only visitors in Newfoundland's history to turn their boats around and return to the other side of the pond.

In *A History of Newfoundland in the North Atlantic to 1818*, Shannon Ryan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explores the early evolution of European settlement in Newfoundland. Several European powers — namely, the French, Spanish, Portuguese, and British — were attracted by the cod fishery and competed for a piece of the lucrative industry.

Despite having this rich resource in its coastal waters, Newfoundland hosted a seasonal fishery on a first-come, first-served basis, with only a few permanent settlers. It wasn't until the Napoleonic Wars that Newfoundland's economy prospered and diversified, its population increased, and a formal colony emerged.

Ryan weaves together the theories of Newfoundland's most notable historians and adds his own data, research, and perspective. His comparison to other European colonies and commercial activities in North America helps to contextualize Newfoundland's unique history.

Ryan's approach is thorough and traditional. This book will appeal to anyone looking for a straightforward history of Newfoundland's cod fishery, settlement, and the complicated path it took to become a British colony.

—**Joanna Dawson**

Imagining Canada:
A Century of Photographs
Preserved by The New York Times
edited by William Morassutti
Doubleday Canada, Toronto, 2012
240 pp., illus., $45 hardcover

For a nation that often defines itself first and foremost as "not American," William Morassutti's *Imagining Canada: A Century of Photographs Preserved by The New York Times* at first comes across as a bit jarring. Reading his opening essay — in which he writes at length about Canada's desire to be noticed and appreciated by Americans — I kept thinking to myself, "Enough about the United States; what about Canada? What about *us*?"

But then, this is no typical coffee table book of Canadian images. It's Canada as seen through the photography department of the *New York Times*, a collection filled with starkly beautiful Canadian landscape shots and pics of celebrity Canucks such as Christopher Plummer, Mary Pickford, and Mordecai Richler.

The photos in the book are part of a 24,000-image collection purchased in 2009 by Canadian businessman Christopher Bratty, co-founder of *Toro* magazine. The book came about as a response to the positive reaction *Toro* received after first publishing random images from the collection on its website and then following that with a 2010 exhibit of selected images, titled Red.

The photos are accompanied by essays by nine prominent Canadians, including historian-authors Tim Cook and Charlotte Gray and Liberal Leader Justin Trudeau. I enjoyed all the essays, particularly that of Shawn A-In-Chut Atleo, national chief of the Assembly of First Nations. His chapter, which examines images of Aboriginals in the fur trade, or attending residential schools, is a searing indictment of the both the presentation and treatment of indigenous peoples in Canada.

The book only has one chapter that's a clunker, and it's not the fault of the writer. "A Tough and Beautiful Game," by award-winning sports writer Stephen Brunt, is actually a thoughtful essay on Canada's national sport: hockey. Trouble is, most of the images used to illustrate it are of American teams, specifically New York's NHL teams, the Rangers and the Islanders. Photos of these teams are certainly to be expected in a *New York Times* photo archive, but they seem glaringly out of place in a book titled *Imagining Canada*.

In the end, though, the point isn't necessarily whether this is an award-winning book — it's that someone cared enough to rescue these amazing images from their manila-folder purgatory. At a time when traditional archives are slashing their budgets, and few dollars are available for digitizing the millions of photos out there languishing in obscurity, it's heartening to hear that there are individuals who still see the value of our visual heritage.

— **Mark Reid**

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COMING UP IN CANADA'S HISTORY

Women of Valour

Often overlooked by historians, many women played important roles during the War of 1812. *by Dianne Graves*

Unsettling Events

How the resettlement program that took 28,000 Newfoundlanders from their outport homes became a defining moment for the province. *by Tina Loo*

Park Prisoners

Canada's unwanted — enemy aliens, the jobless, and the homeless — were kept busy and isolated by building Canada's parks. *by Bill Waiser.*

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People worth writing about

Businessman and lawyer James Arnett looks at three Canadians who deserve compelling biographies.

Sir Clifford Sifton

WILLIAM JAMES TOPLEY/LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA/PA-025966

Sir James Aikins

TOPLEY STUDIO / LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA / PA-033981

Sir James Lougheed

TOPLEY STUDIO / LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA / PA-033770

This may be the golden age of Canadian biography. Prime Ministers Pierre Trudeau, John A. Macdonald, and R.B. Bennett have all been featured in recent acclaimed biographies. What I would like to see, however, are more biographies and studies of other leading or influential citizens to give our history more depth and texture. I offer as an example three major Canadian figures of one hundred years ago: Sir Clifford Sifton, Sir James Aikins, and Sir James Lougheed. I am struck by the similarities of their careers, how important they were in their time, and how forgotten they are today compared to their contemporary prime ministers and fellow "knights," Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Wilfred Laurier, and Sir Robert Borden.

Sifton, Aikins and Lougheed, all of similar Protestant Irish background, were born and educated in Ontario. By 1882, all three were practising law in Manitoba: Sifton, twenty-two, was working with his elder brother in Brandon, a booming railway town; Aikins, thirty-one, had established a law firm in Winnipeg just as that city started to boom; Lougheed was twenty-eight, and newly arrived from Toronto when he started practising in Aikins' firm.

Each would go on to have a major impact on the development of Western Canada, and, indeed, the country.

Sifton's career is the best known. A successful lawyer who engaged mainly in real estate law and speculation, he married into a prominent Ottawa family. He eventually entered politics as a Liberal. As Attorney General of Manitoba, he played a decisive role in the famous Manitoba schools question — a conflict over funding for Roman Catholic schools that served a predominately francophone population — by crafting a historic compromise for Premier Thomas Greenway and Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier. Entering federal politics, Sifton was named minister of the interior. Under Laurier he led the charge to settle the West through immigration. Knighted in 1915, Sifton also owned a string of influential newspapers.

Aikins, meanwhile, became the top corporate lawyer in Western Canada, representing the CPR, a dominant influence in the West. He also represented the federal Department of Justice (including during the trial of Louis Riel). Aikins married well (his father-in-law was a federal cabinet minister) and became wealthy from real estate and mortgage deals. He founded and endowed the Canadian Bar Association, serving as its first president for many years, and was an important community leader and philanthropist. Late in life, he entered active politics briefly as a Conservative, succeeding Sifton as the MP for Brandon, and then leading the provincial Conservatives in an unsuccessful election campaign. Knighted in 1914, he was two years later named Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba, an office he held for a decade. By 1919, he was one of nineteen millionaires listed in Winnipeg.

As for Lougheed, he left Winnipeg after only one year in the city and arrived in Fort Calgary just ahead of the CPR. He too married well, his wife being related to both Sir Donald Smith and Richard Hardisty — the latter was then the richest man in the Northwest. Lougheed established a successful law practice and invested in real estate. Thanks to his connections to Smith, he acted for the CPR. He eventually entered politics, succeeding Hardisty as a Conservative senator, and served as leader of the Opposition in the Senate during Laurier's administration. He was an important Cabinet member under Prime Ministers Borden and Arthur Meighen, holding Sifton's old post of minister of the interior.

The legacies of these three men are still obvious today. The Siftons owned Western newspapers like the *Winnipeg Free Press* and the *Regina Leader-Post* for decades after Clifford's death, and his descendants remained prominent public figures. For instance, his son, Colonel Victor Sifton, was publisher of the *Free Press* until his death in 1961 and also served as chancellor of the University of Manitoba.

The Aikins law firm has been a major Winnipeg institution for 120 years, producing many eminent citizens and judges, including two for the Supreme Court of Canada. James Aikins' son, Colonel Harold Aikins, was a senior partner of the firm until his death in 1954 and also served as president of the Canadian Bar Association.

The Lougheed name also remains well-known. James Lougheed's grandson, Peter Lougheed, served with distinction as premier of Alberta.

There are so many themes to explore in the biographies of these men, so many questions to answer. They all came from similar backgrounds, married well, and were influential on the national stage. Were they in agreement about the big issues of the day, such as prohibition, immigration, labour, and conscription? How did each manage to forge a full career while also succeeding in politics and civic life? What were the impacts of their non-political roles in law, business, civic affairs, and philanthropy? The answers to these questions would undoubtedly offer Canadians valuable insight into tackling today's challenges.

> **There are so many themes to explore in the biographies of these men, so many questions to answer. For instance, were they in agreement on the big issues of the day, such as prohibition, immigration, labour, and conscription?**

It's been more than eighty years since the deaths of these great Canadians. Lougheed died in 1925, Sifton and Aikins in 1929. What they need are writers of stature willing to give them their due. Personally, I hope that eminent biographers such as Richard Gwyn, John English, and John Boyko will rise to the challenge and produce excellent profiles of Sifton, Aikins, and Lougheed. In hindsight, they are as important to our history as the better-known political leaders of the past.

James Arnett is a graduate of Harvard Law School. He practised corporate law, was CEO of Molson Inc., and now chairs a large utility in Toronto. He is also a past chair of Canada's History Society and the current chair of its advisory council.

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NELLE OOSTEROM

A re-enactor takes aim during an annual re-enactment at Stoney Creek, Ontario.

Blasting through the past

Touring some of the Niagara Peninsula's best War of 1812 sites. by James Careless

One of the most effective ways to bring history to life is to visit the places where it happened. When it comes to the War of 1812, many of the battlefields where Canada's history was forged still exist today. And some of them are playing a part in War of 1812 commemorative events, with military re-enactors in period clothing bringing the battles to life.

Here are some of the best-preserved War of 1812 battlefield sites in the Niagara Peninsula of southern Ontario, where some of the heaviest fighting took place:

Stoney Creek

On June 6, 1813, a small British-led force launched a surprise night attack on an American encampment at Stoney Creek, Upper Canada. Although outnumbered almost five to one, the British gained the upper hand after capturing two generals on the American side. The battle lasted about forty minutes. Believing the attacking force to be larger than it was, the Americans retreated. The event was a turning point in that it halted the American advance into the Niagara Peninsula.

This year marks the two hundredth anniversary of the battle, and several special events are planned to mark the occasion on the weekend of May 31–June 2. They include a celebration of the centennial of the opening of Battlefield Monument, a memorial parade and service, and a battle re-enactment. Visitors can wander the encampments, mingle with costumed re-enactors, and watch demonstrations of historical cooking, dancing and other activities.

BATTLE OF CHIPPAWA
LA BATAILLE DE CHIPPAWA

A plaque at Chippawa.

CHIPPAWA BATTLEFIELD PARK

Laura Secord Homestead.

LAURA SECORD HOMESTEAD

Chippawa

On July 5, 1814, a British, Canadian, and Aboriginal force numbering two thousand and serving under Major General Phineas Riall took on a thirty-five-hundred-strong U.S. invading army commanded by Major General Jacob Brown. They met in the fields of Samuel Street's farm, near the Niagara River at Chippewa. After a day-long battle in which two hundred combatants died, the Americans won the day. They were turned back three weeks later at the equally brutal Battle of Lundy's Lane.

Two hundred years later, the village of Chippawa has been incorporated into Niagara Falls, Ontario. Thanks to the efforts of the Niagara Parks Commission, the rural, open battlefield remains. Now included in the 120-hectare Chippawa Battlefield Park, the open fields look "pretty much as they did two hundred years ago," said Jim Hill, the Niagara Parks Commission's superintendent of heritage. "You can literally stand here and see what the defenders and invaders saw on July 5, 1814."

Chippawa Battlefield Park offers a self-guided tour for visitors. A high point is a memorial cairn that honours the British, Canadian, and Aboriginal warriors who died here.

Queenston Heights

Few names from the War of 1812 are as well-known as Queenston Heights. This is where the first real engagement was fought between the British North American forces under Major General Isaac Brock and the Americans under Major General Stephen Van Rensselaer on October 13, 1812. The battle took place on the banks of the Niagara River and on the steep sides of the Niagara Escarpment's Queenston Heights. It ended with the Americans retreating and the loss of the charismatic Brock. "Queenston Heights looks very much as it did two centuries ago," said Wesley Turner, a retired associate professor of history at Brock University. "Granted, Brock's Monument — where Brock is buried — has since been added to the site, plus a restaurant and some other facilities. But, overall, you can still stand on the heights and look down to the river and understand how the battle unfolded."

Fort George

Now a beautifully restored Parks Canada site, Fort George was built to replace the loss of Fort Niagara to the Americans under the 1783 Treaty of Paris that settled the American Revolution. Located at Niagara-on-the Lake, Ontario, Fort George served as Brock's headquarters until his death at Queenston Heights in October 1812. In late May 1813, American troops captured the fort and the town. The Americans burned the town during their retreat in December 1813, casting the townspeople out into the snow.

"The Battle of Fort George spilled into the streets of Niagara, which is just west of the fort's riverside site," said Sarah Maloney, managing director of the Niagara Historical Society & Museum in Niagara-on-the-Lake. "Since the town was later burned by the Americans, you can only walk the streets to retrace the battle's progress. But the restored Fort George is a time capsule of the War of 1812, especially when re-enactments are under way." A weekend pageant to commenorate the bicenntennial will take place at Fort George on August 17-18.

Laura Secord Homestead

The story of Laura Secord has become part of Canadian folklore. In June 1813 she marched thirty-two kilometres through the bush to tell the British about secret battle plans she had learned from Americans occupying her Queenston, Upper Canada, home. The warning gave the forces under British Lieutenant James FitzGibbon time to ambush and rout the American attackers at the small outpost of Beaver Dams.

As for making the trek with a loyal bovine? "She didn't have a cow with her," said Peggy Dymond Leavey, who wrote *Laura Secord: Heroine of the War of 1812*. Nor did Secord found the chocolate company that bears her name. Today, the Niagara Parks Commission maintains the restored Secord homestead, where the heroine lived from 1803 to 1835. You can also visit Secord's destination on her march, the DeCew House in Thorold, Ontario.

A commemorative walk is among several special events being held on June 22 to mark the Secord bicentennial.

James Careless is an Ottawa-based freelance writer who contributes to a wide variety of publications.

JAMES GILLESPIE

Heritage Fair in Winnipeg in 2011.

Canada needs more heritage fare

Community-based education program merits our support. by Deborah Morrison

The Heritage Fairs program has been operating across Canada for twenty years, but some readers may never have heard of it. Most of you will likely remember science fairs from your school days. Heritage Fairs are much like those, only with history as the focus for student projects.

Quite possibly the largest public-participation activity organized around Canadian history, the events last year involved over 110,000 students presenting projects in more than one thousand schools. Hundreds of thousands more parents, grandparents, and representatives of the heritage community also come out to support the students at their schools and at regionally organized exhibitions in about one hundred communities across the country. The fairs have been an unqualified success from the beginning.

It all began in 1993. On May 12 of that year, more than 1,500 Manitoba children in Grades 4 to 11, representing French, English, Ukrainian, and northern schools, took over an entire floor of the Winnipeg Convention Centre to participate in the first Heritage Fair. Back then, the Charles R. Bronfman Foundation's popular Heritage Minutes were flooding television screens, and the creators of the series were looking for ways to get Canadians — particularly young Canadians — more actively involved in the exploration of Canada's past. The foundation challenged a volunteer team of Winnipeg-based teachers and history community representatives to help it design a program that would better connect children to the stories of their local history and heritage. Students could use whatever means and media they chose — including videos.

In the months leading up to the first public exhibition, the students researched Canadian history topics. Their mission was to find fresh, engaging ways of presenting the stories they discovered and to prepare them for a public exhibition. Linda McDowell, then a curriculum advisor with Winnipeg's largest school division, was among the small group of volunteers who helped to organize the event. "It was the most frustrating and exhilarating experience of my life!" she declared. "We were always afraid no one would come."

In the first year, the event came together because of people's personal contacts. Each volunteer phoned his or her own network, and by exhibition day they not only had the schools' participation but had enlisted the help of museums and historical societies to put on workshops and demonstrations throughout the day. McDowell still remembers the moment ten minutes before opening when she looked across the hall to see one of her colleagues holding back an estimated five thousand visitors who had come to support the students.

"Social studies was lagging — just as it is again now — largely because people focus on subjects where there is a provincial test. At least history and social studies can have this," McDowell said, referring to the fairs. She and her husband continue to judge at neighbourhood schools. "The projects are not just the Nellie McClungs and Wayne Gretzkys — not that we don't want them to know this, but the learning can go deeper. I recall one girl who had taken all the records and chequebooks from her grandma's store, and from that developed a project about what it was like to run a rural store. This is something you can't get from the Internet or an encyclopedia."

Following the successful Winnipeg pilot project, the CRB Foundation launched a heritage fair the following year in Fredericton, New Brunswick, with similar results.

By 1995, the project was operating in six provinces and subsequently has become an ingrained part of the school year for students in all provinces and territories.

McDowell says the group always knew the program had the potential for success. "We certainly hoped it would be national. Anything like the footing of the science fair was what we were aiming for. And it has more than fulfilled our expectations for all sorts of reasons."

A key challenge, McDowell adds, was finding ways for the provinces and their students to work together to enhance the program. "Even within the province, it's often hard to move beyond a school division."

That national coordinating role fell to the CRB Foundation and later the Historica Foundation. However, in 2009, Historica, now known as the Historica-Dominion Institute, formally ended its partnership with the program. Canada's History stepped in to help provide national coordination and fundraising support for the fairs.

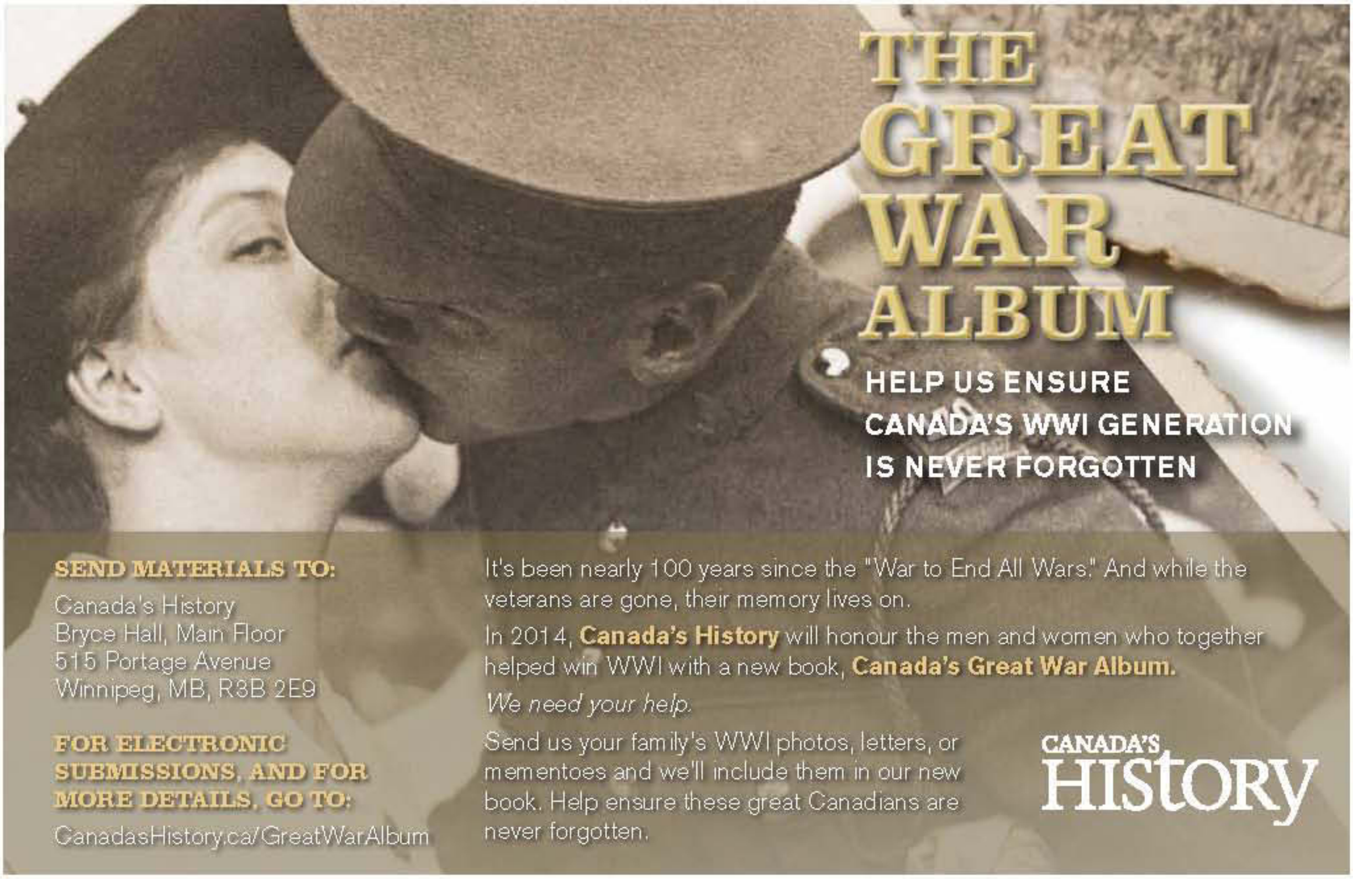
The national challenge has not been an easy one, although goodwill for the program abounds. Canadian Heritage's Youth Take Charge program has been very supportive of efforts to launch a new national component. In it, the best students from these fairs create journalism-style videos about their project and present them online at YoungCitizens.ca.

However, sustained support from corporations and the private sector has been difficult to come by, with notable exceptions from Scotiabank, which ended its funding last year, and Great-West Life, which has just renewed its support for a second year. The muted response from corporate Canada is surprising, particularly at a time when Canadian history is rising in popular interest because of the number of national anniversaries approaching. Heritage Fairs is a program that has demonstrated grassroots reach into communities throughout the country. What it doesn't have is an opportunity for students to take their projects beyond the regional level and to connect with other students and stories from other parts of the country. The financial investment they need to become a truly national force is relatively modest.

The program also needs more community support. Self-sustainability for the fairs at the local level requires a strong volunteer commitment from historical institutions and interested individuals who can help with event organization, presenting workshops for students, judging projects, and as sourcing prize donations from area businesses.

We often hear concerns that kids today simply aren't learning about our history. Here's a program that is working effectively to change that. Now twenty years old, it has already produced a generation of young adults who, we believe, are likely to be more conscious of our past and more committed to history and heritage stewardship as a result. It's a program that merits your time and your support. For further information about a local program near you, visit our website: CanadasHistory.ca/HeritageFairs.

Deborah Morrison is the Publisher, President and CEO of Canada's History Society.



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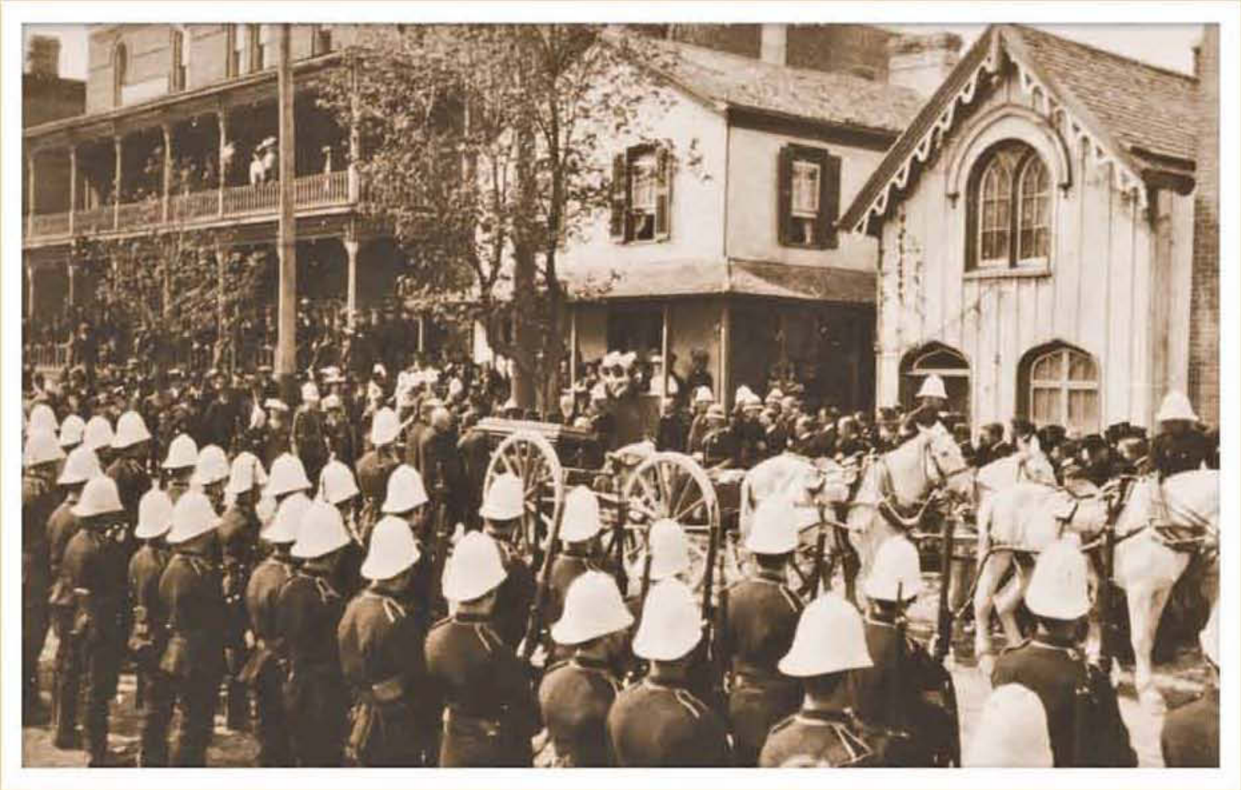
CANADA'S HISTORY

Doctor's procession



This photograph, taken on May 23, 1907, showcases a funeral procession passing by the Dundas, Ontario, home of Dr. James Ross, Surgeon Lieutenant Colonel of the 77th Regiment and Signal Corps. Ross had died two days earlier at the age of fifty-three.

People from the town lined the streets to mourn Ross's death. The doctor, an award-winning graduate of McGill University, was well-known and well-liked in the community. He built up a large medical practice in Dundas, was an active member of the 77th Regiment, served on the board of education, and was the president of the local curling club. He was also a competitive sharpshooter. The ***Dundas Star*** noted that "on account of his demise the program of sports which was arranged for Victoria Day has been indefinitely postponed."

Ross was buried with military honours. The procession was forty-five minutes late getting started due to a delay in obtaining from the Hamilton Field Battery the horse-drawn gun carriage that bore his remains from his residence to the cemetery. This photo is one of the few known to exist that show the 77th Regiment and Signal Corps in full military dress. The regiment disbanded prior to the First World War.

Valerie Cranmer of Dundas, Ontario, found this photo while cleaning out her grandmother's attic in 1988. Text by Ryan Kessler.

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o *Canada's History*, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your submission to album@CanadasHistory.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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